

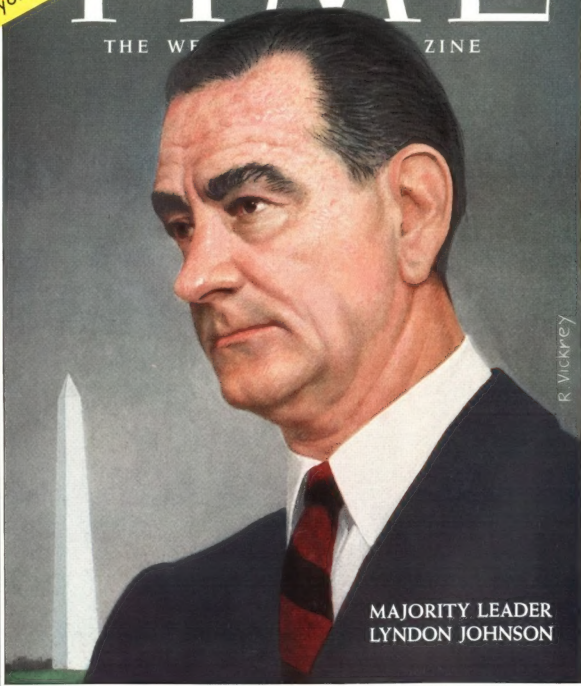
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

MARCH 17, 1958

SPACEPORT, U.S.A.
Beyond the Gates at Cape Canaveral

TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE



R. Vickrey

MAJORITY LEADER
LYNDON JOHNSON

\$7.00 A YEAR

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LXXI NO. 11

SUNRISE TO MOONSET IN SAN FRANCISCO

Come to San Francisco on your vacation for eventful, golden days. See this lovely city of the towered hills, rimmed by Pacific waters... feel its storied past in its gay, life-loving present... observe the mingling here of Occident and Orient... enjoy the cosmopolitan pleasures of this crossroads of the world.

From sunup to bedtime every day, San Francisco will entertain and delight you. You will find its downtown district of fine stores, hotels and restaurants engagingly metropolitan... with foreign shops and flags, sidewalk flower stands, jolly jingling cable cars. Only steps away—the bazaars and byways of Chinatown, largest outside Asia.

San Francisco was born of gold and the sea, and its site is magnificent. From hilltops and "sky rooms" you will see the panoramas no one ever forgets... the pastel-tinted city... the Bay and Golden Gate with their mighty bridges...

Alcatraz and other islands... the all-encircling hills. You will visit the waterfront... Fishermen's Wharf... Maritime Museum; relax in Golden Gate Park... see the Zoo and Ocean Beach... enjoy the city's art museums.

In San Francisco you will know that life is good and to be lived... and your nights will be starred with pleasure. You will take your choice of world-famed restaurants, for foods and atmospheres of many lands... dine and dance in great hotels... go to concerts and plays—possibly the opera... spend happy evenings in the Latin Quarter.

There is so much more to tell you than we have room for here, so please send today for your free copy of our 24-page photofolder, *Your Guide to San Francisco and its Nearby Vacationlands*—a preview of your San Francisco vacation days. It tells also of neighboring enchanting regions—the Monterey Bay Country, Redwood Empire, Yosemite National Park, Lake Tahoe, Shasta-Cascade Wonderland, and other places you will surely want to visit.



These early-day San Francisco buildings today house charming exhibits by importing home designers

*Write for your
free folder today, to:*

**CALIFORNIANS
INC.**

Dept. S1, 703 Market St., San Francisco 3



You are always close to the sea in San Francisco. Telegraph Hill looks down on Fishermen's Wharf and an old-time sailing ship, now an historical exhibit.

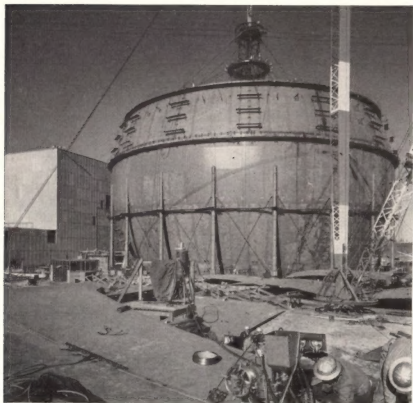
Where does atomic-electric power come from?



1 It starts with uranium ores that prospectors like this man discover in out-of-the-way places in many parts of the world.



2 It grows out of new tools and equipment like this reactor assembly built by Westinghouse for testing atomic fuel element designs. These are developed and tested by engineers and scientists of electric companies and manufacturers, with the cooperation of the Atomic Energy Commission.



3 And finally, atomic-electric power comes from new kinds of electric power plants that use atomic fuel made from the uranium. Such a plant is the one photographed above, now

being developed near Chicago, Illinois, by a number of electric companies. Several others are being planned or built by power and light companies in other parts of the country.



4 The electricity from an atom-powered plant is just like the electricity you use. The difference is in *producing* it. For each plant has to be designed, developed and built as a "first of its kind"—a very expensive way that makes the electricity costly to produce. That's why hundreds of electric company people are working to find the best ways to make atomic electricity more economical in the future.

**America's Independent Electric
Light and Power Companies***

*Company names on request through this magazine

Our nation's growing arsenal of missiles, possessing fantastic speeds and awesome capabilities, must be supported by supersonic aircraft of an entirely new order. Such a plane is the Lockheed F-104 *Starfighter*—the culmination of more than

a decade of research and development in every phase of jet-powered flight. Plans for new and even faster military and commercial manned aircraft are on the drawing boards at Lockheed — to give vital tactical and logistical support to our

far-flung NATO missile bases, our missile-launching mobile units of the United States Armed Forces, and the thousands of industrial firms which produce the armament to maintain America's defenses at optimum strength.



**Military aircraft cannot establish official speed marks until they have been operational 6 months.*

Lockheed's famous "Missile with a man in it," the F-104 STARFIGHTER, entered USAF service in February. Every time it flies an intercept mission for Air Defense Command, the F-104 exceeds the world's official speed record (1207 miles per hour) for jet aircraft.*

LOCKHEED means leadership

BALLISTIC MISSILE RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT • ROCKETS • WEAPON SYSTEMS MANAGEMENT • NUCLEAR-POWERED FLIGHT • ADVANCED ELECTRONICS • ANTI-SUBMARINE PATROL AIRCRAFT • LONG RANGE EARLY-WARNING RADAR CONSTELLATIONS • JET FIGHTERS • JET TRAINERS • COMMERCIAL & MILITARY PROP-JETS • LUXURY LINERS

LETTERS

T.R.

Sir:
Your March 3 story has done a tremendous job in displaying the force, power and energy of Theodore Roosevelt.

OSCAR S. STRAUS
President

Theodore Roosevelt Association
New York City

Sir:
Your article reveals a great but neglected American. Aaron Bohrod's nostalgic cover painting tells the T.R. story in a single picture—proving we still have artists who can communicate. But where are the courageous, uncompromising statesmen?

SAMUEL A. WOOD

Baldwin, N.Y.

SIR:
YOU'RE DOING WHAT THIS COMMISSION HAS MOST WANTED TO SEE DONE: TO MAKE THIS GREAT AMERICAN'S SPIRIT AND EXAMPLE AGAIN A FACTOR IN AMERICAN LIFE.

HERMANN HAGEDORN
DIRECTOR

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
CENTENNIAL COMMISSION
NEW YORK CITY

Sir:
T.R. was indeed a great man and President, and it makes me sick to see the pussyfooting that has been going on with our present President. Where is that drive and spirit T.R. was the epitome of? Most of all, where is that decisiveness?

GEORGE-ANNE ROBERTS

New York City

Sir:
Why a cover story on T.R.? Colorful? Yes! Dynamic? Yes! Great? No!

H. W. HARTMAN

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sir:
At the wedding reception for Alice Roosevelt Longworth in 1906, the caterer used the President's fame as a hunter as the theme for his table decorations. He dressed little bears in outdoor tops and placed them in various poses around the banquet tables. When the President said that even he as a bear expert could not name the breed, a guest said, "Well, let's call them Teddy bears." The following year the Steiff factory in Gienzen, West Germany sold nearly 1,000,000 Teddy bears in America alone, and prosperity of the tiny hamlet where the factory is situated boomed. Accordingly, this



BIRTH OF THE TEDDY BEAR (1902)

year, the townfolk of Gienzen will turn out in a giant Teddy Bear Festival honoring President "Teddy" Roosevelt on the 100th anniversary of his birth.

GEORGE BURKE

New York City

¶ But the father of the "Teddy bear" was the Washington *Post's* Cartoonist Clifford Berryman (1869-1949) who, in 1902, was moved by T.R.'s refusal to shoot a cub during a bear-hunting trip in Mississippi. The wedding reception incident four years later led a lot to popularize Berryman's baby.—Ed.

The President's Vacation

Sir:
As a Democrat, I take back all the things I said about TIME. That was a good lead article [Feb. 24] on the President's absenteeism!

MARY P. HOPKINS

New York City

Sir:
You criticize the President for vacationing when he should be dealing with the business recession. In other sections of the same issue you state, in effect, that the recession is not helped by gloomy talk. Is it not reassuring that the President feels that he can be away?

HAROLD J. HARRIS

Westport, N.Y.

Sir:
Glad as we are to have had the President visit Georgia, it is extremely gratifying to see TIME acknowledge the realization that a President cannot run this country from a vacation spot.

W. ELLIOTT CAMP

Rome, Ga.

Sir:
While the world smolders in a dozen places—including our own economy—our President is either playing golf or bridge. When is he going to learn to fiddle? Is he waiting for the world to be on fire?

ELEANOR ROBINOW

Plymouth, Mass.

Sir:
Re your article on the President's vacation with ex-Treasury Secretary Humphrey: What a difference in point of view! To me, it seems that our President chose one of our country's financial wizards with whom to study leisurely and analyze—thus giving tremendous meaning to his message.

MRS. GEORGE H. WISTING

Sanita Monica, Calif.

Sir:
You ran a realistic appraisal of the President's health; please help our country by urging healthy and industrious Mr. Nixon to take this high office now.

AUGUSTA HIGGINSON

San Francisco

Little Brother

Sir:
Seeing *The Brothers Karamazov* [Feb. 24] strengthens my long-held suspicion that TIME's motion picture critic should be banished to some desert island reserved for misguided sophisticates.

JOHN H. MORAWITZ

Yuma, Ariz.

Sir:
In trying to reason out your reviewer's frame of mind, I concluded that he saw the film in the company of your Books and Art editors.

R. A. LEE

Los Angeles

Japan Revisited

Sir:
Your Feb. 24 Art section is masterful in every sense. The layout and the black-and-white reproductions are the best I've seen, and the color photos of Japanese gardens are superb. I was swept with sentimentality when I saw the reproduction of the moss garden of Kyoto's Saihōji monastery. While stationed at Johnson Air Base, near Tokyo, I used to know a patch of wood that resembled this garden. G.I.s living in my barracks walked through it to reach the service club. On the rainy, magic-like mornings of spring and summer, the spot was like another world. Most of us will never see Japan again, and many thousands of veterans, I'll wager, felt a lump in the throat while looking at your Art section.

BILL B. FRYDAY

Norman, Okla.

Sir:
The writer and his company were the first to undertake the rebuilding of the Japanese stainless flatware industry, even though at the time we employed 1,700 workers producing similar products in America. Seldom have I encountered what I consider to be such editorial leadership and civic accomplishment, as well as courage, as was shown by TIME in its March 3 Business section. My congratulations on your broad point of view and your

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Volume LXXI
Number 11

TIME
March 17, 1958



The original of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of John, 1st Earl of Uxbridge, hangs in London's Tate gallery

Your Hookloom suit deserves to be knighted

Imported Hookloom, an honored fabric in the finest British tradition, well deserves knighthood—an accolade awarded Sir Joshua Reynolds for excellence in portraiture. Though it is unlikely that your Hookloom suit will ever be dubbed knight, you will heartily dub it *right* for casual comfort. Light and airy, all-wool Hookloom has an ingenious jacquard weave that invites breezes in to keep you cool . . . and shakes off wrinkles to keep you crisply smart. Society Brand alone imports luxurious Hookloom . . . then adds impeccable tailoring worthy of this famous fabric.

This spring is none too soon to enjoy wearing one. For store names, write Society Brand, Chicago.

Hookloom—Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG



Society Brand Clothes

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4-passenger
over 40 miles per gallon!



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Distinctively French...and, feature for feature unexcelled in
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67 Speaker Performance!



MODEL 1700, PHOSPHORUS 12, 12" HIGH, 24" LONG, 10 7/8" DEEP.

Philco's electrostatic Cathedral Speaker is a colonnade
of 66 separate speakers in one. Operating in cross-over with a
15-in. woofer, it delivers 67-speaker
performance. This quality sound
development is found in no other high-fidelity instrument—
regardless of price. Available with built-in AM-FM tuner.



MODEL 1700, 20 1/2" HIGH, 24" LONG, 12" DEEP.

LOOK AHEAD... and you'll choose **PHILCO.**

patriotism in thinking of all America and its
overseas relationships—rather than a small
area of self-interest.

NORMAN J. MERCER

New York City

The Dog in the House

Sir:
The boy or girl that gave the sarcastic
account of the dog show in your Feb. 24 issue
should be barred from all dog shows for life.

RUSSELL L. PARKER

Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

Sir:

If the painstaking, studied breeding of
these magnificent specimens of dogdom was
practiced by mankind, the world wouldn't be
in the mess it is today.

MARTHA MELEKOV

Harbor City, Calif.

The Cat in the Convent

Sir:

I appreciated your Feb. 24 review of my
book *The Cat with Two Faces*. You may
like to know the sequel. Ex-Bad Cat Ma-
thilde Carré, who was all your reviewer said,
has, I have since learned from a French
priest, entered a convent and is writing an
account of her spiritual conversion.

GORDON YOUNG

Paris

The Billionaire

Sir:

Your Feb. 24 article about Oilman J. Paul
Getty was very enlightening. Before reading
the article I never heard of Getty. How this
scrooge can live with himself is a miracle.

ABRAHAM SCHNEIDER

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir:

Poor, poor man.

ETHEL KURLAND

Carmel, Calif.

Sir:

The brooding expression of this man, so
cleverly depicted by Artist Koerner, speaks
volumes as to his character.

LESTER C. MARSHALL

Los Angeles

Sir:

Your cover painting of Getty made him
appear as though he had been boiled in his
own oil. After reading about him I think he
had it coming. I am not enough of a philoso-
pher to pity petty Getty; as an artist I just
loathe him and his ilk.

JOHN W. GREGORY

Provincetown, Mass.

Sir:

Oh, to have a "free-spending" lover with
dyed hair, "lifted" face, and vigorous (?) at
65! He's the most "unsuccessful" person I
know of.

MRS. R. PECH

Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir:

"How many others are there like me?" he
wants to know. Let us hope damn few.

MICHAEL BRAND

North Hollywood, Calif.

Sir:

Millions of Americans have dreamed of the
blessings of tremendous wealth. Your ac-
count of the life of Billionaire Oilman Getty
is to us a revelation. How fruitless, how
barren, how loveless, how frustrating this
existence must be to Mr. Getty!

FRANK B. SELF

Fort Worth

What is the Bell System?

The Bell System is wires and cables and laboratories and manufacturing plants and local operating companies and millions of telephones in every part of the country.

The Bell System is people . . . hundreds of thousands of employees and more than a million and a half men and women who have invested their savings in the business.

It is more than that. **The Bell System is an idea.**

It is an idea that starts with the policy of providing the best possible telephone service at the lowest possible price.

But desire is not enough. Bright dreams and high hopes need to be brought to earth and made to work.

You could have all the equipment and still not have the service you know today.

You could have all the separate parts of the Bell System and not have the benefits of all those parts fitted together in a nationwide whole.



The thing that makes it work so well in your behalf is the way the Bell System is set up to do the job.

No matter whether it is some simple matter of everyday operation—or the great skills necessary to invent the Transistor or develop underseas telephone cables to distant countries—the Bell System has the experience and organization to get it done.

And an attitude and spirit of service that our customers have come to know as a most important part of the Bell System idea.

Bell Telephone System

Can U.S. technology meet today's new challenges?

World events are putting the very idea of a free society to the test.

Not only has Russia demonstrated "islands of excellence" in selected areas of military technology, but, in addition, Soviet leaders have declared that they are determined to surpass present American standards of production and consumption in the next 10 years.

These challenges can no longer be dismissed as empty propaganda. This country must unleash all its creative and productive forces to achieve new levels of defense, and, at the same time, move ahead to new levels of productivity in our civilian economy.

In the United States, progress is paced and directed by the individual decisions of millions of businessmen, consumers, investors, employees—indeed, every citizen. The faith of our free society is that these millions of points of initiative can—and will—produce swifter progress, with greater liberty, than any system of centralized control. Because of this environment of freedom and initiative, the nation's scientific and engineering resources have the capability for both better defense and better living.

However, in applying our technology to the task, we must infuse—especially in defense work—even more of the incentives for bold and imaginative risk-taking that have been the wellspring of our civilian progress. These incentives are needed, particularly in the fields of research and development, if we are to achieve the technological breakthroughs necessary now and in the years ahead.

And in every phase of our economy, we must eliminate road blocks to higher productivity. It is extremely disturbing that our national productivity has leveled off at the very time an increase is most needed to meet new world challenges.

Americans must prove once again that our free society has vitalities which are superior to those of any totalitarian system. On these pages are shown some of the ways that one company, among many, is trying to help bring America both a stronger defense and ever-higher levels of living.

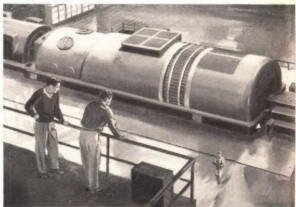
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

PUTTING SCIENCE TO WORK FOR EVERY CITIZEN:



Penetrating outer space. General Electric is a major contributor to 16 missile projects now under way. These include the Atlas, Thor, Regulus II, Polaris, Corporal, Nike Hercules, Honest John and Little John, Lacrosse, Talos, Tartar, Asroc, Sidewinder, and Vanguard as well as other high-priority programs.

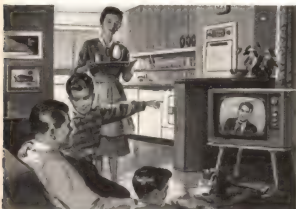


Giant power maker. Another significant advance in helping keep electricity today's greatest bargain is a General Electric steam turbine-generator that operates at the highest steam conditions ever used in America. It generates 18 times as much electricity from a pound of coal as Thomas Edison's first plant.

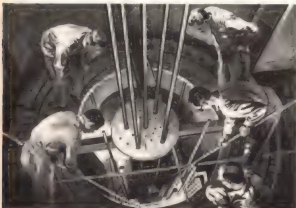


Power for peace. General Electric's J-79 jet engine powers the new B-58 supersonic bomber (above), the F-104A and F11F-1F fighters, and the Regulus II missile, plus other new aircraft not yet announced. A commercial version of this jet engine will be used on some of the leading civilian airlines in the future.

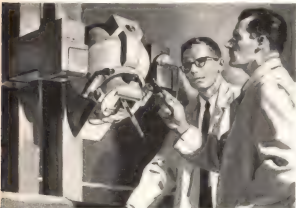
A Progress Report from General Electric



Living better electrically. Today a housewife commands the equivalent in electrical energy of 45 servants; by 1967 it can be more than 100. The trend is toward more automatic operations. One example: General Electric's Filter-Flo® washer that sets wash conditions for each type of fabric at the push of a button.



First private atomic electricity. Last year General Electric received Power Reactor License #1 to operate the nation's first privately owned atomic power plant with the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. In addition, the company conducts a substantial research program to study the problem of harnessing fusion.



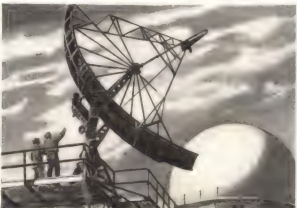
New tools for medicine. General Electric, working with Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd., now offers a simpler cobalt-60 cancer-treatment machine which is as flexible as x-ray. In addition, an experimental diagnostic x-ray machine, operating at 8 times the conventional voltage, may help in early discovery of cancer.



Progress in electronics. General Electric is developing slow-scan TV over telephone lines for military application. This is just one example of the growing use of electronics for defense. In civilian fields, engineers estimate that 40% of the electronic products that will be in use ten years from now have not yet been invented.



Research in energy conversion. The General Electric Research Laboratory recently demonstrated an experimental thermionic converter which changes heat directly into electricity. It is just one example of the company's continuing research and development to find even better methods of utilizing energy sources.



Protecting our cities. One example of General Electric's contributions to the strong, alert defense needed to guard America is a new, more accurate search and height-finder radar system. This radar system can seek out enemy aircraft for the "Missile Master," which coordinates the fire of guided-missile batteries.

Grant Simmons, Jr. puts bounce into bedding sales—by wire



**He speeds it
in writing
with telegrams**

"You've got to stay wide awake to beat the competition in the bedding business," says Grant Simmons, Jr., President of the Simmons Company. "So we use telegrams constantly. Take the promotion we put on each May for Beautyrest Mattresses. Our salesmen will wire us about merchandising plans that are clicking with retailers. We relay these ideas to our other salesmen by wire immediately—so *their* retailers can cash in on them, too! Speed really counts—and all the details have to be in writing. It couldn't be done without the telegram."

Whenever you want fast action—and a written record—there's nothing like the telegram.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen



KOHLER PICKETS, 1954

EVERYBODY—even the drum patter—was plugged in and counting, anxious to see a cooking bird turn green. Suddenly, the orbiting wheel made an eyeball instrumentation and inputted a hold: a ball peen adjustment could mean the difference between a red bird and a green one. What if it turned red? EGADS!

This kind of chatter is everyday lingo to thousands of dedicated missiemen who run the unique Spaceport, U.S.A., at Cape Canaveral, Fla. For a tour beyond the guarded gates of missileland, see **NATIONAL AFFAIRS, The Rite of Space.**

HITLER claimed the famous 19th-century philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche as the philosopher of Nazism. Now, 58 years after Nietzsche's death, a German professor has proven that Nietzsche was grossly misrepresented through a conscious fraud perpetrated by a scheming woman. What Nietzsche really believed and how his views were distorted is reported in **FOREIGN NEWS, Her Brother's Keeper.**

WHO gets Marilyn Monroe's to %? And an equal slice of Kay Kendall, Gregory Peck, Tennessee Williams and a host of other gold-plated names? For new light on the vast organization that collects these tidy percentages, keeps itself in the dark as much as it keeps its clients in the limelight, and controls much of what the U.S. sees in movies and TV, see **BUSINESS, 10% of Everything.**

YOUR father's a dirty scab! It's the shrill cry often heard these days on

the quiet streets of Sheboygan, Wis. The gibe of one child against another is being echoed at the adult level as a U.S. Senate committee probes one of the longest, costliest strikes in U.S. history, the United Auto Workers four-year-old strike against the Kohler Co. See **NATIONAL AFFAIRS, The "Almost Sinful" Strike.**

ELECTRONIC computers have not learned, so far, to act as art critics or judges of beauty contests, but they are being taught to see. What may come of this? For a look forward at the sobering prospects, read **SCIENCE, Seeing-Eye Computer.**

TIME ran its first cover story on Lyndon Baines Johnson on June 22, 1953, just after he had emerged as the new Democratic leader of the U.S. Senate. Said TIME: "Lyndon Johnson believes that he and his party should be rope-dealers: just deal out enough rope to the Republicans and let them hang themselves." Last week Lyndon Johnson was still dealing out rope, and it was time to see how he was getting on with the hanging. See **NATIONAL AFFAIRS, Sense & Sensitivity.**



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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE ECONOMY

Action Now

One big figure loomed up like a cloud considerably bigger than a man's hand last week as President Eisenhower called a Cabinet meeting to order. The figure: an advance Labor Department report on February unemployment showing 5,186,000 out of work. This was the highest unemployment figure since 1941, some 600,000 more than January, and about 100,000 more than the Administration had expected. And one man's hand loomed considerably bigger than the cloud: the Senate's galloping Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson (see The Congress) had already whipped up a Democratic program calculated to win the Democrats credit for attacking the recession, and had the bills drawn and ready to push through.

In two hours the Cabinet, after weeks of discussion and fact-gathering, agreed on an Administration anti-recession program, agreed to announce it quickly. The main points:

¶ Double the rate of spending on the federal highway program, now running about \$500 million, by asking Congress to repeal the pay-as-you-go Byrd (Democratic) amendment. In effect, return to the original plan to build the 41,000-mile network of superhighways in 13 years, instead of the stretched-out 21-year plan.

¶ Raise the target on new house starts for 1958 from the present 1,100,000 to a possible 1,300,000 by stepping up public and military housing construction and sweetening credit opportunities for private builders.

¶ Step up the federal-aid-to-hospital-con-

struction program, now dawdling along at \$25 million a year, to the legal limit, \$200 million, as soon as local communities can match the funds.

¶ Most important of all: rush through a bill to extend, for up to 10 weeks with federal funds, state unemployment-compensation payments that now generally run out at 26 weeks. Such a federal offer, limited to one year, would prod states to amend their laws to make such extended unemployment payments legal.

Day after the Cabinet meeting, Senate Minority Leader Bill Knowland ducked into the White House, came away with a "Dear Bill" letter from the President (who sent a "Dear Joe" copy to House Minority Leader Martin) detailing a flock of anti-recession steps taken or in the process. After ticking off the relaxation of the Federal Reserve discount rate (see BUSINESS), a \$3 billion boost in the current rate of Defense Department procurement, and a step-up in urban-renewal projects, the President wrote that he has ordered the Budget Bureau to cut loose \$200 million in held-back funds for Army Engineers construction projects, e.g., national-park roads and camping facilities, and new roads on Indian reservations. In addition, he said, he is 1) boosting reclamation, rivers and harbors, and watershed protection spending by \$186 million, 2) pumping \$200 million into Fanny Mae, the Government's mortgage market, to buy up FHA-insured mortgages so private lenders can make new low-price housing loans, and 3) ordering the Defense Department to steer contracts to labor-surplus areas.

Behind the new action-now program was

a growing impatience by such venture-some Cabinet members as Interior Secretary Fred Seaton, Labor Secretary James Mitchell, Defense Secretary Neil McElroy, Attorney General Bill Rogers and Vice President Nixon with the pacing of anti-recession moves. In his letter to Knowland and Martin, the President hit out at Democrats, without calling any actual names, for the "sudden upsurge of pump-priming schemes" put forward by persons lacking "faith in the inherent vitality of our free economy and in the American as an individual." But all in all, the new policy marked a notable shift from the emphasis of the President's mid-week news conference when he seemed to be in favor chiefly of "watching" for the economy to right itself.

If unemployment figures go up again in March—when seasonal factors usually bring new hiring—the Cabinet's impatient men will push for a hefty tax cut. Last week Administration tax experts were already working over such ideas as a one-year repeal of certain excise taxes, e.g., halving the tax on new autos, thereby saving the buyer \$100 or more a year.* And they also were making practice passes at some new ideas, e.g., a two-month forgiveness of withholding taxes that could instantly pump out \$2.3 billion in spendable take-home pay, thus give the economy a quick extra surge of power.

* Henry Ford II last week urged complete repeal of the federal excise tax on autos "as the kind of action that will help reverse the present unfortunate trend." Added Ford: "We have reached a crucial point in the recession—a point where optimistic words are of little avail and where prompt and direct action is indicated."



McELROY



SEATON



NIXON



MITCHELL



ROGERS

After impatient pressure, credit, aid and public works.

(Illustration: Walter Bennett; Associated Press)

THE PRESIDENCY

Vital Precedent

In the six hours that President Eisenhower lay unconscious during and after his operation for ileitis in June 1956, the Pentagon was seriously concerned about who could give the order to retaliate in the event of an enemy attack. The President's staff patched up a workable but probably extralegal procedure—Cabinet members stood by their telephones; air strike forces put on special alerts—and it was agreed that if the enemy did attack, the retaliation order would be given by a presidential stand-in, presumably Vice President Richard Nixon.

When President Eisenhower got well, he grew increasingly concerned about the missile-age command paralysis that might come to the nation in the event of presidential disability. When he flew across the Atlantic after his stroke last year to attend the NATO heads-of-government con-

and when the President could resume full powers.

"We are not trying to rewrite the Constitution," explained the President at his news conference, "we are trying just to say that we are trying to carry out what normal humans of good faith having some confidence in each other would do in accordance with the language of the Constitution. . . . Now, I admit this: if a man were so deranged that he thought he was able, and the consensus is that he couldn't, there would have to be something else done, no question."

Human Roadblock? Next day Attorney General William P. Rogers called a news conference to explain the legal basis for the agreement as he saw it. The agreement rests, he said, upon his own constitutional interpretation that, given disability, only the powers of the presidency and not the office of the presidency devolve upon the Vice President. Even so, said Rogers, the situation would be much clearer with a

Amendment or no, the Eisenhower-Nixon agreement had created a vital new precedent—and in the developing federal system, precedent itself tends to blast away or to outpace deadlock.* The immediate result is that Nixon no longer need hesitate to exercise authority in the event of a disabling presidential illness. And because of that, other Vice Presidents to come will pay more attention to the affairs of the presidency, well aware that they will be expected to assume the responsibility in crisis.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

No Fraud or Hoax

"You begin to get down now to the heart of the matter," said Secretary of State John Foster Dulles at his news conference last week. The U.S.-U.S.S.R. exchanges about a second parley at the summit were moving into their 13th week, and the letters, notes and messages added up to 30,250 words—22,500 Communist, 7,450 U.S.—six times the wordage of the Constitution. "And the heart of the matter is," Dulles went on, "are you going to have a meeting that is likely to accomplish something? Or is it proposed to have a meeting which would only be a spectacle? . . . We do not want to be a party to what would be a fraud or a hoax."

Dulles' statement did not drown out other talk that the U.S. and Russia would probably face each other at summit parley II in 1958. Toplight Washington correspondents speculated that the U.S. might be ready to change its position on nuclear-weapons tests, which was that the U.S. would not stop the tests unless the U.S.S.R. also stopped nuclear-weapons production. The new line: after this spring's nuclear tests at Eniwetok Atoll, the U.S. will know more about "clean bombs" for limited wars, hence will have less to lose by agreeing to a stoppage of tests without any Russian payment in return. Dulles himself seemed to signal some change in emphasis in recent testimony to a closed session of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. He still thinks a cease-test agreement undesirable, said he, but the issue is not a very vital question, and the U.S. now resists such an agreement because Britain and France want to keep testing.

In a broad sense there was no saner warning to U.S. policymakers at week's end than Dulles' own press conference advice: "If we try to outdo ourselves in the spectacular, then we are leading the world in a very dangerous way indeed." To this Vice President Richard Nixon added, in an interview filmed in Washington and televised in London: "History shows that the road to war is paved with conferences that failed."

* When President William Henry Harrison died in 1841, Vice President John Tyler was the precedent that a Vice President takes over presidential powers on the President's death, not as Acting President but as President of the U.S. Tyler thus blasted a path through constitutional ambiguity that six Vice Presidents have since followed.



VICE PRESIDENT TYLER GETTING WORD THAT PRESIDENT HARRISON IS DEAD (1841)
In case of disability, the powers but not the office.

ference, he even pondered who could legally take command of the country if his plane had to ditch in mid-ocean, with nobody to say whether the President of the U.S. was alive or dead.

Musical Chairs? Last week the President published the terms of a precedent-making answer to the 170-year-old problem of presidential disability that he has worked out with Vice President Nixon. The gist: in the event of disability, 1) the President would, if he were able, call in the Vice President to take over as Acting President, to perform all presidential acts and fulfill all presidential duties; 2) the Vice President would, if the President were not able, and "after such consultation as seems to him appropriate," decide whether to declare the President unable and take over as Acting President; 3) but the President, not the Vice President would determine when disability ended

constitutional amendment that would 1) require the Vice President to get majority approval from the Cabinet, i.e., from the President's own personal appointees, before declaring the President disabled, and 2) empower Congress to rule on any dispute in which a disabled President might declare that he had recovered and wanted his powers returned to him, while the Vice President and a majority of the Cabinet dissented.

Earlier in the week a bipartisan group of Senators led by Illinois Republican Everett McKinley Dirksen and Tennessee Democrat Estes Kefauver had proposed a new constitutional amendment that said substantially that. But the amendment was bound to run into a roadblock in the person of House Speaker Sam Rayburn, who is determined that Congress shall have the decisive voice as to whether the President is disabled.

THE CONGRESS

Sense & Sensitivity

[See Cover]

Lyndon Johnson's mental alarm clock went off just before 7 o'clock. He swept his long black hair out of his eyes, smoothed it over the thinning area on top of his head. Then he pushed the bedside buzzer for Cook Zephyr Wright to bring up his tomato juice, pink Texas grapefruit, venison sausage (made from a deer Johnson shot last fall) and half a cup of Sanka. He devoured his breakfast, along with the latest *Congressional Record*, its ink still wet enough to stain his fingers. By 7:30 he was in the bathroom, working on his leathery brown face with an electric razor. "Bird," cried he through the doorway to "Lady Bird," his wife, "I like to count my blessings."

Translated from family talk, that meant that Lyndon Baines Johnson, 49, tall (6 ft. 3 in. and, by the bathroom scales, 185 lbs.), dark and almost handsome, wanted to talk about what he was doing as majority leader of the U.S. Senate. And what Lyndon Johnson was doing last week was, in a broad sense, exactly what he had been doing since he assumed the Democratic Senate leadership five years before: devoting all his energy to building a record for the Democratic Party in a Republican Administration and, what he considers synonymous, the record of a master legislative craftsman. Lyndon Baines Johnson.

Record Writer. The trick is to take any given national problem and make it look as though the Democrats are doing everything, the Republicans nothing. When President Eisenhower was riding high during his first Administration, Johnson's line was that the Democrats were saving the from the Republicans. When Ike faltered during the great budget flap a year ago, ex-New Dealer Johnson patented economy as a Democratic invention—and his Democrats even cut seriously into the defense budget. When the Adminis-



MAJORITY LEADER JOHNSON PASSING THE WORD TO THE PRESS
The trick is to keep possession of the paramount issue.

Walter Bennett

tration presented a tough civil rights bill, it was Johnson who maneuvered both Democrats and Republicans into a compromise—for which Democrats took credit in both North and South.

This year Johnson's showy record-writing has been abetted considerably by the ineptness of Senate Republican leaders and the slow motion at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. After the uproar over the success of Sputnik, it was Johnson, as chairman of the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee, who grabbed the initiative (and the headlines), set up hearings, heard expert testimony from about 200 of the top men in the Defense Department, the armed services, science and industry. So successful was he in capturing the attention of press and colleagues that he produced his own "State of the Union" message two days before the President's own

(*TIME*, Jan. 20). Later, he got unanimous subcommittee endorsement for a constructive report that made 17 recommendations for strengthening the U.S. military establishment. Again, when the U.S. Explorer streaked into outer space, it was Senate Leader Johnson who set up a special blue-ribbon Senate committee, with himself as chairman, to decide on the crucial question of whether space should come under civilian or military control.

Cabinet Boss. Last week his issue was recession and Lyndon Johnson, well prepared as usual, was in his finest hour. For weeks Senate Democrats had been drafting half a dozen pump-

priming bills. By last week a \$1.8 billion housing bill and a \$500 million public-works bill were scorching along the Senate tracks, with Engineer Johnson holding throttle full-out. Johnson himself arose on the Senate floor to introduce two resolutions considering it "the sense of Congress" that the Administration should speed public-works spending. (Two days later it did.)

During the course of his speech, Johnson hoisted himself to political heights without precedent by referring to himself, in effect, as President of the U.S. (south Pennsylvania Avenue division). "As majority leader of the Senate," said he, "I am aided by a cabinet made up of committee chairmen. I have conferred with them. I think they will expedite action." (Columnist Doris Fleeson, who loves Democrats but has built up an immunity to Johnson's charm, asked if he had worked out a disability agreement with his second-in-command, Montana's Mike Mansfield.) Next day Johnson's estimate of his own importance almost seemed true, for it was he, not the Administration, who announced that the Defense Department would begin pouring some \$450 million into military construction projects in surplus labor areas.

Johnson's unique ability to sense the paramount—or sometimes merely the hourly—issue, and then move fast to get control of it, has made him without rival the dominant figure of the Democratic 84th Congress. As such, his is the Face of Democratic performance, and he does indeed stand second in power only to the President of the U.S.

The Sad Fellow. Lyndon Johnson has never ridden higher, and he should be a happy man. But he is not, and he may never be. He sits at his command-post desk in Office G-14, Senate wing U.S. Capitol, restless with energy, tumbling with talk. He flashes gold cuff links, fiddles with the gold band of a gold wrist-



OUTER SPACE WILL HAVE TO WAIT

watch, toys with a tiny gold pillbox, tinkers with a gold desk ornament. And he glances often at the green wall, where hangs Edmund Burke's framed warning about the vexations of leadership:

"Those who would carry on great public schemes must be proof against the worst fatiguing delays, the most mortifying disappointments, the most shocking insults, and, worst of all, the presumptuous judgment of the ignorant upon their designs."

Says Johnson: "People don't understand one thing about me, that is, that the one thing I want to do is my job. Some are always writing that I'm a back-room operator. They say I'm sensitive. How would you like your little daughter to read that you are a 'back-room operator,' a

edged master at charting the paths of accommodation and compromise. He is contemptuous of the crusaders and windmill tilers among his colleagues. "All they do is fight, fight, fight," he says. "and get 15 Senate votes." As for himself: "I would rather win a convert than an argument."

But if Johnson's sense is his guide, his sensitivity is his goad. It spurs him to vanity: his LBJ brand appears everywhere, on his shirts, his handkerchiefs, his personal jewelry, in his wife's initials, his daughters' initials (Lynda Bird Johnson, 13, and Lucy Baines Johnson, 10), even in the initials of his beagle pet (Little Beagle Johnson). Lyndon Johnson would rather be caught dead than in a suit costing less than \$200. Indeed, when he suffered his

"My daddy told me," says Lyndon Johnson, "that if I didn't want to get shot at, I should stay off the firing lines. This is politics." But Johnson hates to get shot at. He spends hours each day devouring everything written about himself in Texas weeklies, in all the major U.S. newspapers and magazines, in the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. ("These men writing for foreign papers seem to understand me better than the men writing at home").

Pressing the Flesh. Yet Lyndon Johnson, who worries constantly about being misunderstood, understands others. He is a student of people from the moment of introduction, when he goes through a process he calls "pressing the flesh and looking them in the eye." Says he: "When you extend a handshake to a fellow, you can sort of feel his pulse and evaluate him by the way his hand feels. If it's warm and if it has a firm clasp, then you know that he is affectionate and that he is direct. And if he looks you in the eye, you usually know that he is dependable."

Johnson's evaluation of people is paramount to his Senate leadership. The Senate presently has 40 Democrats (ranging from Harry Byrd conservatives to Hubert Humphrey liberals) and 47 Republicans (ranging from Bill Jenner reactionaries to Jack Javits liberals). A straight party-line vote is almost unheard-of, and it is up to Lyndon Johnson, in pursuit of his Democratic line, to piece together a winning combination from the Senate's vastly disparate elements. He does it by knowing each Senator as well as that Senator knows himself. "Sam Rayburn once told me that an effective leader must sense the mood of the Congress," says Johnson. "He doesn't see it, smell it, hear it—he senses it." Because Lyndon Johnson understands its members, he can sense the mood of the Senate as have few men before him. One time Republican Leader Bill Knowland announced to newsmen that a bill, which he supported and Johnson opposed, was going to win by nine votes. Later, Johnson leaned across the aisle to whisper to Knowland: "Bill, we don't need to have a roll call on this. I've got you beat by three votes." He did, too. Says Lyndon Johnson: "I usually know what's going to happen within the first 15 or 20 minutes of the day."

Johnson is proud of that fact, as he is proud of his Senate skills. He is, in fact, a proud man who was born in pride.

Light in the East. That birth was described in a family history written four years ago by Johnson's mother, Rebekah Baines Johnson, now 76:

"It was daybreak, Thursday, August 27, 1908, on the Sam Johnson farm on the Pedernales River near Stonewall, Gillespie County. In the rambling old farmhouse of the young Sam Johnsons, lamps had burned all night. Now the light came in from the east, bringing a deep stillness, a stillness so profound and so pervasive that it seemed as if the earth itself were listening. And then there came a sharp, compelling cry—the most awesome, happiest sound known to human ears—the cry of a newborn baby. The first child of Sam



Walter Bennett

THE LBJS AT HOME*
Came the moment of counting blessings.

'wirepuller' or a 'clever man?'" Again and again comes the complaint: "People don't understand . . ." But his wife Lady Bird⁹ does. Says she: "He is the most complicated, yet the simplest of men, and sometimes a really sad fellow."

What makes Lyndon Johnson complicated, simple and sometimes very sad is an explosive mixture of common sense and uncommon sensitivity.

The Guide & the Good. To Lyndon Johnson, common sense has a special meaning. Says he: "One of the wisest things my daddy ever told me was that 'so-and-so is a damned smart man, but the fool's got no sense.'" By sense, Johnson means the art of knowing what is possible and how to accomplish it. He does not waste time on lost causes. He realizes that hot issues are rarely settled by victory for the extremists on either side. Always willing to give a little in return for a lot, Johnson is the Senate's acknowl-

far-from-mild 1955 heart attack, the question arose about whether to cancel orders he had put in with his San Antonio tailor for a blue-suit and a brown one. Muttered Lyndon, who knew that doctors gave him only a fifty-fifty chance to live: "Let him go ahead with the blue one; we can use that no matter what happens."

"My Daddy Told Me." Small imperfections can upset Johnson terribly. His Sanka is always hot—but never quite hot enough. His staff, the hardest-working and most efficient on Capitol Hill, may reply to letters from 600 Texas constituents in a single day, leaving only 45 unanswered. Cries Johnson: "There's 45 people who didn't get the service they deserve today." When host at his LBJ Ranch near Johnson City, Texas, he often serves hamburgers cut to the shape of Texas. But an unavoidable symmetrical flaw seems to bother him. "Eat the Panhandle first," he urges his guests.

* Named Claudia Alta Taylor, she was called Lady Bird by a Negro nurse, and Lady Bird—she has been ever since.

* Clockwise: Lynda Bird Johnson, Lucy Baines Johnson, Lady Bird Johnson, Little Beagle Johnson.

Ealy and Rebekah Johnson was 'discovering America.'"

Lyndon Johnson's ancestry reaches six generations back into Texas history. One great-grandfather was the second president of Baylor University. Another was a preacher who persuaded Sam Houston to get rid of his Indian mistress and stop drinking. Another was a member of the Texas legislature. Perhaps most important to Lyndon's future, his father was a member of the state legislature—and served there with Sam Rayburn.

Great & Good Friends. House Speaker Rayburn was naturally interested in the son of his old colleague, and his influence on Johnson's career is immeasurable. In 1931, when Lyndon Johnson came to Washington as an aide to Texas Representative Richard Kleberg, port owner of the famed King Ranch, he worked himself into a case of galloping pneumonia and collapsed. When he came to in a hospital, he found Sam Rayburn at his bedside. "Now, Lyndon," said Mister Sam, "you just take it easy and don't you worry. You need some money or anything, you just call on me." Johnson did not need the money, but recalls that "the most comforting moment in my life was to see that man sitting there dribbling cigarette ashes down his vest." (To Johnson's children, Rayburn is still "Uncle Sam, the Speaker.") And in 1935, Rayburn got Johnson a job as Texas director of the National Youth Administration.

In NYA, Johnson put some 30,000 young men to work at such jobs as building and beautifying the state's roadside parks—and he built up a respectable political following which he used as a springboard in 1937 to run for the House of Representatives. Johnson won over nine opponents, and, even before going to Washington, made another great and good friend: Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Fishing in Galveston Bay, F.D.R. heard of the young man who had just been elected on the odd—in conservative Texas—platform of support for Roosevelt's plan to pack the Supreme Court. He called Lyndon Johnson aboard his yacht, liked the cut of his jib. When Johnson arrived in Washington, F.D.R. saw to it that he was placed on the powerful House Naval Affairs Committee. Says Johnson of Franklin Roosevelt: "He was like a daddy to me."

A Chance to Blossom. As a Congressman, Lyndon Johnson went pretty much down the line for the New Deal. He ran for the Senate in 1941 against W. Lee ("Pappy") O'Daniel—and got counted out by a highly suspicious 1,311 votes. He ran again in 1948, this time against former Governor Coke Stevenson—and got counted in by an equally suspicious 87 votes. During his first Senate days he was invited to a Southern caucus by the man who today stands as his most powerful backer: Georgia's Senator Richard B. Russell. There was an argument over Southern strategy in fighting a proposed change in the Senate's cloture rule, and Johnson sided with Russell, who was both pleased and impressed. A few days later Russell tipped off Texas reporters that

Johnson was about to make a Senate speech that would be worth a story. From that beginning came a close friendship.

It was Dick Russell who swung all his great Senate weight to make Lyndon Baines Johnson the Democratic leader of the U.S. Senate in 1953. Yet it was against Russell's warning that Johnson made his first major move as leader: Johnson wanted to leapfrog promising freshman Senators ahead of their seniors onto the most sought-after committees, e.g., Montana's Mike Mansfield to Foreign Relations and Missouri's Stuart Symington to Armed Services. Cautioned Dick Russell: "You are dealing with the most sensitive thing in the Senate—seniority." But Russell was not quite right: the most sensitive thing in the Senate



REBEKAH JOHNSON
Came the compelling cry.

was Lyndon Johnson, and his instinct told him to go ahead. Says he: "I pushed in my stack." Not only did Johnson somehow make senior Democrats feel like statesmen in giving up their preferment, but he won the lasting gratitude of the younger Senators.⁹ Says Mike Mansfield, now the assistant Democratic leader: "He gave us a chance to blossom."

At All Levels. Johnson solidified his control by almost every means except by trying to control anybody. The powerful senior Southerners trusted him because he seemed to be one of them. In spite of this, and despite his support for such Texas specialties as the oil-depletion allowance, the natural gas bill and the tidelands oil bill, he won the support of Northerners by astute trades. Example: although Oregon's left-leaning Richard Neuberger had crossed him in a key vote, Johnson got to work the next day to round up votes for Neuberger's special pride, the Hells Can-

yon Dam, got it passed. Today Neuberger is a Johnson man.

Johnson exercises Senate control at all levels; he is the party leader, runs the policy committee, the party caucus, everything. He even took over the Senate Democratic Campaign Committee, which helps elect liberals and conservatives alike, by wangling its directorship for Kentucky's ex-Senator Earle Clements.

"I Won't Forget." But the Senate balance is much too close and much too flexible for Lyndon Johnson to get anywhere just by confining his attentions to Democrats. "Cactus Jack" Garner of Texas once told him: "No leader is worth his salt unless he has friends on both sides of the aisle." Lyndon Johnson has.

He has had his differences with Republican Leader Bill Knowland (as minority leader in 1953. Johnson adjourned the Senate right out from under Knowland's nose, the worst insult that can befall a majority leader), but the two have come to work together in cooperation and mutual respect. One night during the recent debate on postal-rate increases, Frank Carlson, in charge of the bill for the Republican Administration, had an important appointment in home-state Kansas. He asked Johnson if the Senate could meet early and leave early so that he could catch his plane. Johnson agreed. "Thanks," said Frank Carlson, "I won't forget that." He won't, either.

The Big Payoff. Lyndon Johnson's first four years as Democratic leader coincided with Dwight Eisenhower's first term as President. Johnson correctly judged that the Democrats could only lose by placing themselves in blind opposition to one of history's most popular Presidents. Harassed by the Adlai Stevenson wing, always faced with the threat that his own divided party would blow up in his face over civil rights, Johnson led Senate Democrats time and again in support of Administration programs, e.g., foreign aid, foreign trade, the Formosa and Middle East resolutions. The remarkable payoff came in 1956, when President Eisenhower was re-elected in a near-record landslide—along with a Democratic Congress.

Today, with his own State of the Union speeches and talk of his own "cabinet," Johnson has plainly thrown off his cloak as an Ike backer, but he remains on warm personal terms with the Republican at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. During a recent Johnson visit to the White House, the President pointed to the leather chair behind his desk. "Some day," he said, "you'll sit in that chair." Replied Johnson: "No, Mr. President, that's one chair I'll never sit in. I wouldn't trade desks with you for anything in the world." "Well, listen," said Dwight Eisenhower with a burst of laughter, "I'll trade with you any time."

"Get Him." Both publicly and privately, Lyndon Johnson insists that he does not want to be President, that he would not even respond to the unlikely event of a draft. He points to the formidable presidential handicap of being a Southerner. He cites his long history of illness (besides the 1932 pneumonia and

⁹ By comparison, the rigid Republican seniority system has buried such able freshmen as Kentucky's John Sherman Cooper and Thurston Morton, and New York's Jack Javits.

the 1955 heart attack, he suffers chronic bronchial trouble, has undergone surgery for kidney stones). And he says that the U.S. Senate keeps him too busy to worry about anything else.

He is right about that, as any typical Johnson day will prove. By 8:15 one morning last week he had made a dozen telephone calls, was dictating notes to Lady Bird. At 8:45 he left their fashionable Rock Creek home in Washington (the Johnsons need not worry about money; Lady Bird comes from a wealthy family, owns 2,900 acres of Alabama cotton land, an Austin radio station and Austin's only television station). In his chauffeur-driven, Government-supplied Cadillac, he read

tee, trotted back to his office, gulped down a cup of hot bouillon, greeted Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey for a discussion about farm supports.

For Whom the Bells Toll. By noon, Johnson was in the Senate chamber. No sooner had "Amen" sounded to the opening prayer than Johnson claimed the floor for his pretentious speech on recession. "I believe it is essential," he cried, "that responsible leaders prepare now to meet any eventuality. I should think that can be done without any foreboding prophecies of gloom or doom, or any Pollyanna predictions that prosperity is just around some ever-receding corner."

Whatever other leaders might do, Lyndon

Mister Sam

Samuel T. Taffey Rayburn, 76, has been a member of the House of Representatives for 45 years and Speaker for 13—longer than any other man in history. The years have made him waspish, crotchety and stubborn.

In the last few weeks, Mister Sam: **¶** Adamantly set himself against any constitutional amendment providing for succession in case of presidential disability and against any succession legislation that does not give Congress a veto over who succeeds and when (see "The Presidency").

¶ Pointedly and sarcastically advised three Democratic members of the U.S. Senate that they need not appear before a House investigating committee that is trying to get at the question of political influence-peddling in Washington (see "Investigations").

¶ Made himself the spearhead of a congressional committee that has ordered the rebuilding of the east front of the Capitol despite protests of architects, historians and antiquarians (TIME, March 3).

Pointing out that Mister Sam's Capitol renovation will be "pushed ahead irrespective of Senate protests, without House hearings and in utter disregard of public opinion and the judgment of some of the most prominent architects in America today," the long-suffering New York Times last week exclaimed: "Sam Rayburn doesn't own the Capitol."

REPUBLICANS

How to Win

Echoing the growing sentiments of many gloomy Midwestern Republicans who are muttering in their bier, Kansas' Republican Senator Andy Schoeppel—who is also chairman of the Senate Republican Campaign Committee—suggested to his party brethren on a TV show that they should steer clear of President Eisenhower and his program if they want to be re-elected in November.

Back came Ike at his press conference last week to remind Schoeppel and his fellow mavericks that more people voted for a victorious Republican President in 1956 than ever before. Apart from proving that presidential support is anything but a handicap, Ike went on to spread the handwriting on the wall in big enough letters for even the most shortsighted GOPoliticians to read. Said he: "We must help to build up countries . . . if the tide of Communism is to be checked. We must . . . be watchful of the economy. Those are the big things I believe in and . . . I would refuse to support any man who didn't believe in them."

THE SUPREME COURT

The Power to Tax

Handing down one of the basic decisions of U.S. constitutional law, the Supreme Court ruled in *McCulloch v. Maryland*, back in 1819, that the Constitution exempts the Federal Government from



THE LBJ RANCH NEAR JOHNSON CITY, TEXAS
"Eat the Panhandle first."

Shel Hershorn

the morning papers, dictated some more notes to a secretary.

Johnson's staff had been on the job since before 8 o'clock, but his arrival, as always, spurred the breakneck pace. "Get me Senator Stennis," he ordered. A few minutes passed—and no Stennis. Johnson buzzed a secretary. "Where is Senator Stennis?" he asked. He was told that Mississippi's Senator John Stennis was flying south. "Do you want me to give you a raise or do you want to give me your resignation?" cried Lyndon Johnson. "Get him in ten minutes!" Three minutes later John Stennis, caught between planes, was at the end of a telephone line in the Atlanta airport.

Next came a call to Dick Russell about some business of the Armed Services Committee. Then in came Tennessee's Albert Gore to discuss plans for speeding up anti-recession highway spending. New Mexico's Dennis Chavez, chairman of the Public Works Committee, joined Johnson and Gore, agreed to skip hearings on the highway bill and clear it for Senate consideration by this week. Lyndon Johnson left his office at a lope, looked in at a meeting of the Armed Services Commit-

tee, already manning the pumps—the political pumps, that is. "I do not take any obscene delight in playing politics with human misery," he said. "I think that is what people do when they procrastinate or send up smoke screens. I have responsibilities as the majority leader of the Senate of the United States . . . I plan not only to live up to my responsibilities, but to discharge them as effectively as I can." Three hours later he was back to offer his resolutions on military construction and public works. "I'd like to ring the bells and notify the Senators that I'm making a statement—it's rather important."

What was really important to Lyndon Johnson—and to the Democratic record—was the fact that Johnson had once again taken possession of a key issue, given it the full force of his energy and legislative skill. Perhaps, happily, the recession would pass swiftly, and the economy would no longer be an issue. In a U.S. of fast political change, only one thing is really predictable: when the next hot issue comes along, Lyndon Johnson will lead it bigger and better—hoping that it will do the same for him.

state taxation. Setting forth his renowned dictum that "the power to tax involves the power to destroy." Chief Justice John Marshall declared that the states (and, by inference, local governments) "have no power, by taxation or otherwise, to retard, impede, burden or in any manner control the operations of the constitutional laws enacted by Congress."

Last week a five-man Supreme Court majority (Chief Justice Earl Warren, Justices Hugo Black, William O. Douglas, Tom Clark and William J. Brennan) handed down a decision that seemed to jostle *McCulloch v. Maryland* in the eyes of the four dissenting members (Felix Frankfurter, John Marshall Harlan, Harold Burton, Charles E. Whitaker). At issue: a property tax levied by the city of Detroit on the Murray Corp., a subcontractor manufacturing airplane parts for the U.S. Air Force. The city assessor counted as taxable property some \$2,000,000 worth of parts, materials, etc., which were chargeable to the U.S. Government and were labeled as U.S. property. Ruled the court majority, in effect: the city was taxing not the federal property, but Murray's "possession" of it—a ruling that opened up for local taxation billions of dollars of federal property held or leased by defense plants. Dissented Justice Frankfurter: "I cannot believe that the Court is prepared frankly to jettison what has been part of our constitutional system for almost 150 years."

DIPLOMATS

Smiling Mike

The speaker at last week's National Press Club luncheon in Washington was introduced as an "All-American Russian." He was short, of average build, blue-eyed, grey-haired, wearing a neat and conservative suit; his air of aplomb as he looked around the crowded room was that of a subdued advertising executive. He spoke good English, and as he began to read the text of a formal speech he ad-libbed that he liked to ski, swim, play tennis; he broadened that into "good sportsmanship" and that into "good neighbors" and that into "peaceful coexistence."

Then Mikhail Alekseevich Menshikov, 55, new U.S.S.R. Ambassador to the U.S. and first U.S.S.R. ambassador to address the Press Club since Litvinov did it in 1941, got down to the nub of his mission. "If our countries not only normalize their relations but start to live in friendship, their combined efforts will help to clear the atmosphere on our whole planet." The gimmick, a parley at the summit. "The very fact of convening such a conference will have a beneficial influence."

Even when unheeded questions came pounding in, Menshikov answered or evaded deftly and pleasantly.

Q. If Russia is so strong internally, why are purges necessary?

A. I can say that we are very strong. I don't know what purges you have in mind.

Q. What about the long-standing phony U.S.S.R. charge that the U.S. used germ warfare in Korea?

A. You have something here like the \$64,000 question.

And when Menshikov was all through, the Press Club gave him a standing round of applause that added a laurel to the new Kremlin legend of "Smiling Mike."

Love Those Kids! Menshikov arrived in the U.S. by Soviet jet transport a month ago. "I have been sent to your country as ambassador of peace," he proclaimed, and as he began to gravitate around official Washington, usually accompanied by his handsome wife, often talking about "my four kids," he seemed bent on making a case for it, Menshikov paid beaming calls upon Eisenhower (twice), Nixon (once), and Dulles

uated from Moscow's Plekhanov Institute of National Economy in 1929, hobnobbed up through the Kremlin bureaucracy to become an aide to Foreign Trade Expert Anastas Mikoyan. As UNRRA representative in Poland (1945), Menshikov used U.N. prestige to help dignify Communism's grip, angered idealistic U.N. staffers by twisting U.N. ideals to Kremlin ends; as U.S.S.R. Trade Ambassador to Egypt (1948), he was in charge of negotiating the first Soviet-Egypt trade deal that opened the way toward the Soviet trade-aid arms infiltration of the Middle East.

Menshikov's biggest diplomatic achievement: a quiet, tactful, inconspicuous campaign as Ambassador to India (1953-57)



Walter Bennett

SOVIET AMBASSADOR MENSHIKOV AT THE NATIONAL PRESS CLUB
"Good sportsmanship" = "good neighbors" = "peaceful coexistence."

(twice). He skirted precedent by calling upon members of the President's personal staff, first off Sherman Adams, explaining with a big smile that "I'm not very strict on protocol."

Menshikov courted the U.S. loyal opposition by dining with Adlai Stevenson and giving him some tourist tips for his coming trip to the U.S.S.R.—"I will give you my assurance that you will be welcome everywhere." He began to touch bases on Capitol Hill, calling one by one upon Democrats Lyndon Baines Johnson, Mike Mansfield, Sam Rayburn, Republicans William F. Knowland and Joe Martin, even dropping in one day last week to see Ohio's Republican Representative William H. Ayres, who had written to ask if it would be all right to show some G.O.P. ladies around the Soviet embassy. Answer: Sure, Says Menshikov about the Soviet embassy: "Even schoolchildren can here now. We show them movies."

Love That Line! Such was the eye-popping pace of Menshikov's diplomacy that almost nobody had time to find out what Smiling Mike was made of. He was born in the village of Posevino in the Voronezh district of Russia in 1902, grad-

to persuade Indian officials from Nehru on down that the Soviets were not dogmatic but only reasonable folk who wanted to help. He negotiated a five-year Russo-Indian trade deal, helped get a slow-building but photogenic propaganda Russian steel mill for India, did a bang-up job of setting up Bulganin and Khrushchev's triumphal Indian tour, and even gave Nehru, on behalf of the Kremlin, a personal twin-engine Ilyushin plane. Said one Indian editor: "He didn't hit the headlines all the time, but he made a deep impression where it counted in the government."

In sum, new Soviet Ambassador Menshikov is one of the ablest, perhaps the ablest, of the Kremlin diplomats, a man dedicated to the proposition that no infiltration works quite as well as amiable respectability. He is a man expertly versed in change of pace; yet he is nonetheless a hard-core Red. In Asia, he was denouncing "certain colonial powers, particularly the United States." As if the cold war were a U.S. aberration, he says now: "The Soviet Union has no intention of imposing its ideas on any people by force." From sund up to bedtime, he goes about his rounds with a U.S.-style, U.S.-accented smile.

THE "ALMOST SINFUL" STRIKE

Four Years & Stubbornness Have Torn a Town

This week in Washington, Labor Leader Walter Reuther would tell his side of the long-drawn-out Kohler strike to a Senate investigating committee that was hotly divided in its attitude toward the fiery United Auto Workers leader. Democrats would try to protect Democrat Reuther; Republicans were hoping to provoke him into left-wing excesses. Reason: the four-year-old Kohler strike is the nation's major labor-management battleground.

FOR its size (pop. 45,000), the Wisconsin city of Sheboygan—"the greatest little town in the world"—may well be the most hate-ridden community in the U.S. Passing on the street, men who used to be co-workers, neighbors and friends now glare at each other in deep-frozen enmity. At night, normally law-abiding citizens vent their gnawing hatred against their enemies in acts of vandalism: slashing automobile tires, scattering nails in driveways, hurling glass jars filled with paint through house windows. Sheboygan's hate reaches even to the children: an everyday sight is a tight-lipped child followed by other children shrilly jeering, "Your father's a dirty scab!"

Sheboygan's blighting hatred traces back to April 5, 1934. On that day, United Auto Workers Local 833 went out on strike against Kohler Co., the U.S.'s No. 2 manufacturer of plumbing fixtures, and Sheboygan's No. 1 employer. That strike is still dragging on, with no end in sight. It is already one of the longest strikes in U.S. history, and it is probably the costliest, whether measured in dollars or human misery.

Bread & Roses

It is ironic that Kohler Co. became an antagonist in the U.S.'s ugliest strike. President Herbert V. Kohler, 66, whose Austrian-born father founded the firm in 1873, considers himself a just and benevolent employer. The Kohlers dreamed the noble but now old-fashioned dream of providing both "bread and roses" for their workers. To house Kohler employees, the company built on the outskirts of Sheboygan a 500-house garden city, with its own schools and recreation facilities. With its handsome, well-built red brick houses and patches of landscaped greenery, this monument to paternalism, incorporated as the Village of Kohler, may rank as the world's most attractive company town.

But along with Herbert Kohler's paternalism went a steely sternness and a pride that bristled when his employees heeded outside labor organizers. When Kohler workers who had joined an A.F.L. union struck for recognition in 1934, Kohler hired 400 guards, set out to break the strike. On July 27, 1934, guards fired into a crowd outside the main gate, killing two men and wounding about 40 men, women and children. The strike failed.

Granitic Resistance

In 1953 Walter Reuther's U.A.W. finally succeeded in winning from Kohler Co. a skimpy one-year contract. Basis of U.A.W.'s claim to jurisdiction over the workers of a bathroom-fixture company: U.A.W. had a contract with the Briggs Manufacturing Co., which made both auto parts and the kinds of fixtures that Kohler makes.

After the one-year Kohler contract ran out, the union demanded a broadened agreement, including a seniority rule in layoffs, dues checkoff, binding arbitration of differences. U.A.W. also called for a wage increase, but that was not a basic issue; pay scales at Kohler were about in line with the rest of the plumbing-fixture industry.

Faced with Herbert Kohler's granitic resistance, U.A.W. trimmed its demands. But he kept on balking at even a seniority rule, and U.A.W. called a strike. Kohler laid in an arsenal of submachine guns, shotguns, clubs and tear-gas

bombs, settled down for a long siege. Apparently, tough-fibered Herbert Kohler welcomed the strike as an opportunity to shake off Reuther & Co. A high Kohler official predicted that the strike would bring the company 20 years of peace, as had the broken 1934 strike.

"Jingling Money"

Some 2,800 of Kohler Co.'s 3,300 workers joined the strike, and for 54 days locked-arm mass picketing kept the plant shut down. Kohler placed ads in papers all over Wisconsin, offering new workers permanent jobs. Today, despite all the striker efforts to discourage workers with threats, name-calling, beatings and paint bombs, Kohler has some 2,500 employees at work.

With his union's prestige, and his own, committed to the Kohler strike, Walter Reuther saw to it that for two years U.A.W. supported some 2,000 strikers, providing them with rent, food and medical care, plus \$25 a week "jingling money." But in 1956 U.A.W. had to give that up as too costly (to date, U.A.W. has poured in a fantastic \$10 million), urged strikers to take new jobs. To find work, many of them had to move to other cities. Only 200 strikers are still drawing U.A.W. benefits.

In late 1955, having failed to defeat Herbert Kohler through picketing his plant and harassing his workers, Reuther & Co., with Kohler-like Germanic stubbornness, undertook a nationwide boycott of Kohler products. Today U.A.W. has more than a dozen full-time employees scattered around the U.S. who do nothing but urge plumbers, contractors, municipal officials, to boycott Kohler fixtures. Under union pressure, governing bodies in Boston, Los Angeles County and a scattering of small towns have passed resolutions against installing Kohler products in municipal building projects. U.A.W. insists that all this is hurting Kohler badly. The family-owned Kohler Co. claims to be operating at a profit, but refuses to give out any figures.

Clash of Wills

Herbert Kohler shows no sign of surrendering. Last week U.A.W. publicly renewed its standing offer to accept "binding arbitration," and a Kohler spokesman promptly turned the offer down on the ground that the terms of a contract cannot be reached by arbitration.

On a basic issue, reinstatement of strikers, the two sides are committed to irreconcilable positions. U.A.W. has to cling to reinstatement as a bedrock-minimum demand. Kohler Co. has vowed that no worker will be laid off to make room for an ex-striker. But even if the reinstatement issue could somehow be arbitrated, the essential clash of stubborn wills would still remain. Herbert Kohler wants to keep U.A.W. out of his company altogether; Walter Reuther has to get U.A.W. in or suffer a humiliating defeat. Wielding the only weapon he has left, Reuther apparently intends to keep up the boycott until Herbert Kohler gives in or the company goes out of business. Compromise hardly seems possible any more. "It is almost sinful," says a U.A.W. official, "to have any labor dispute degenerate to the point this one has." Which was about as close as any interested party had come to the heart of it.

INVESTIGATIONS

Crooked Halos

Under White House and congressional pressure, Federal Communications Commissioner Richard A. Mack resigned last week for his part in the FCC award of Miami's Channel 10 last year to a National Airlines television subsidiary (TIME, March 10). Mack insisted that his conscience was clear about his vote for National and the loans and gifts he accepted from Old Friend Thurman Whiteside. (In two years on the FCC, Government investigators reported, Mack received \$35,000 in salary and \$41,000 from outside sources.) But Dwight Eisenhower stiffly told him: "You are wise to tender your resignation . . ."

Mack had at least one defender. Tough, outspoken National Airlines President George T. Baker, who in 40 years had personally built a 140-mile air-mail run into a lucrative, 3,400-mile passenger route, Baker a fellow Floridian appeared before the FCC-probing House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight to protest that Mack was "being broken, crucified and . . . sent home in disgrace." But "more guilty," insisted Baker, were Florida's Democratic Senators George Smathers and Spessard Holland, together with Tennessee's Estes Kefauver. Their crime, to Baker's mind: pressuring the FCC for a rival Channel 10 applicant while the case was under consideration. Snapped Baker: "Holland, Smathers and Kefauver ought to resign, just as Commissioner Mack has, and for the same reason . . . Their halos have slipped."

The subcommittee announced it would hear any Senator who appeared voluntarily, but House Speaker Sam Rayburn stopped that: "If I were a Senator, I would not come voluntarily. If a Senate committee called me, I'd tell them to go dig potatoes, deep."



Associated Press

CHANNEL 10'S BAKER
Pressure from Senators.

DEFENSE

Overkill

A word coming more and more into Pentagon usage is "overkill"—a blunt but descriptive term implying a power to destroy a military target not once but many times more than necessary. On Defense Secretary Neil McElroy's desk last week lay the paper plans that will soon add up to a problem of overkill: each of the services is ready to offer one or more complete weapons systems, each one promising to achieve nuclear annihilation of Russian targets. McElroy's problem: How much is enough—or to put it another way, how many times do you buy the capability of killing the same area? Items in McElroy's future book of plans and proposals:

■ Strategic Air Command's 2,000 bombers; a SAC squadron of 20 B-47s can drop the explosive equivalent of several hundred million World War II heavy bombers; SAC wants \$2.5 billion for more bases, bombers and tankers.

■ Navy's program for ten atomic carriers, each to be equipped with nuclear bombers that can reach Russian targets from the sea; cost, \$3 billion.

■ NATO's plan for 16 U.S.-financed Thor and Jupiter intermediate-range missile squadrons; cost, \$1.2 billion.

■ Air Force's plans for nine squadrons of Atlas liquid-fueled ICBMs, eleven squadrons of Titan ICBMs; cost, \$6 billion.

■ Navy's Polaris-nuclear-submarine network, geared to launch missiles from underwater stations at 1,500-mile range; estimated cost, \$7 billion.

■ Air Force's projected second-generation 3,000-4,000 Minuteman missiles (TIME, March 10), which, when launched from underground hangars, could blast city-sized holes from distances of 500 to 3,500 miles; estimated cost, \$3.5 billion.

Not all of these projects would come along at the same time; some will phase out as others are perfected; e.g., SAC will give way to ICBMs. In fact, McElroy has firmly laid down the law to the Navy and Army, advised them that henceforth research and development of land-based IRBMs and ICBMs is to be the exclusive province of the Air Force. Even so, there is still enough overlapping both today and in the future to make overkill a very real problem. Before he can decide how much is enough, McElroy needs an overall, unified strategic war plan, has ordered the Joint Chiefs of Staff to draft one, is considering the appointment of a strategic warfare chief who will delegate roles and missions so as to prevent duplication of effort.

POLITICAL NOTES

Benton v. Bowles

What Damon was to Pythias or David to Jonathan, William Benton was to Chester Bowles. In 1920, four months before the stock-market crash, the two Yalemen (Benton '21, Bowles '24) founded the advertising agency of Benton & Bowles. By 1936, the year Benton sold out to be vice



George S. Bowles

CONNECTICUT'S BOWLES & BENTON
Pressing for Senator.

president of the University of Chicago, they had run their billings up to \$15 million a year. Bowles hung around until 1941, making more money; then he too gave in to the longing for a larger life of public service, headed up the Connecticut OPA, later became Franklin Roosevelt's OPA Administrator. Though apart in business, Benton & Bowles remained a close political team: in 1949 Bowles, then governor of Connecticut, appointed Benton, seasoned by two years as an Assistant Secretary of State, to the U.S. Senate.

Last week the team turned into Benton v. Bowles. Returning to his home in Essex, Conn. from a Bahamian vacation, Chester Bowles, 56, announced that he would try to win the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator and the chance to run against Republican Incumbent William A. Purtell. Already in the running: Bill Benton, 57, who lost to Purtell in 1952, has been campaigning for six months, refused to be budged by Bowles's announcement because the campaign "will not affect our personal friendship in any way." Also in the running: former U.S. Representative Thomas J. Dodd, who tried for the Senate in 1936, felt that the state machine failed to back him, this year has virtually sewed up his own powerful halliwick of Hartford County (pop. 616,000) and much organizational support may well mow down both Benton and Bowles as one man.

Faubian Logic

Old friends were surprised when Arkansas' Governor Orval Faubus turned from a tolerant moderate into the racist who provoked last September's Little Rock rioting. They could only surmise that Faubus had decided to run for an almost unprecedented (for Arkansas) third term (TIME, Sept. 23). Faubus protested that he was just trying to keep the peace. Last week Orval Faubus announced that he will run for a third term.

THE RITE OF SPACE

Poking his wobbly way through the scrub, stubble and sand of Florida's Cape Canaveral comes a creature from the ages. The armadillo, his precision-made armor plate intermeshing fluidly, moseys along, oblivious of time. Skittering across his path is another anachronism, the dead-eyed, evil-looking horned lizard, uglier than the sum of the menacing spikes that jut from his body. On trundles the armadillo, scarcely noticing a wide hole in the ground. From the hole run two telephone lines; a few feet away, they connect to a pair of phones lying in a ditch. The armadillo scratches ahead. The lizard leaps from a rock. The telephones are mute. For an instant, the desolate scene seems like the end of the world.

Not the world's end but the beginning of the future is mirrored here, for rising in that ancient, sandy patch is an orchestration of new sounds hammered out by an instrumentation unknown anywhere else in the free world. The solo tone of an old-fashioned foghorn is overcome by the shriek of liquid oxygen as it pours under high pressure through valves and pipes. Clanging chords of hammer on steel, the humming sostenuto of machinery, the blip-blip rhythms bouncing onto radar screens from a network of grotesque antennas—the counterpoint races on in time to a thousand clocks, paced by thousands of hard-hatted men, their ears attuned,

their hands ready at buttons, keys, switches, knobs, cranks and valves, their eyes darting from tube to dial, their pulses shooting over the unhurried step of time. And then the fire, the roar, the chorus of triumphant cries.

THIS is the rite of space that is performed day and night at the Air Force Missile Test Center at Cape Canaveral, the point from which the first U.S. man—possibly the first man in the world—will journey to the moon and beyond. Cape Canaveral is the U.S. Spaceport of the Future, and today it is in full-dress rehearsal—a monumental, \$370 million stage where, day and night, civilian and military scientists and technicians work with freshly blueprinted tools over the incredibly complex mechanisms of space travel. With each launching of an Atlas, Jupiter or Thor—though flames may consume the bird only minutes later—the men of Cape Canaveral are testing and proving everything from an idea to a pump, amassing the knowledge that will ensure the success of man's epochal flight into space as well as the reliability of space-ranging weapons of war.*

* And last week had to wrestle with a new problem when the Army's Jupiter-C-powered Explorer II satellite failed in fire in the fourth stage and burned up in the atmosphere 1,000 miles southeast of the Cape.

Wrapped up in Cape Canaveral's future is an organization as complex as a missile itself. It is an industrial cooperative of 15,000 acres, operated for the Air Force by Pan American World Airways and RCA. The facilities are shared by a score of missile contractors (e.g., Convair, Lockheed, General Electric), who use the testing equipment and range for development of their projects for the Army, Navy and Air Force. The man who makes it run is Air Force Major General Donald Yates (West Point '31). Headquartered at Patrick Air Force Base, 18 miles south of the Cape, onetime Meteorologist Yates, 48, juggles an armory of problems that range from interservice rivalry to housing and road-building plans—even to labor troubles (e.g., a dispute with a union on whether a missile is a "common carrier").

The Fever

Able, urbane Don Yates has so far kept contractors, military services and unions happy, for the one unifying force at Cape Canaveral is a widespread epidemic of missile fever. In nearby Cocoa Beach, and in towns up and down the coast, missile-men and their families have infected the whole populace with the fever. In motels, bars and restaurants, the prevailing talk is rocketry. Its failures and its triumphs. One restaurant is fitting out its roof garden with telescopes; sons of missilemen are





Ralph Morse—Life

SPACEPORT BOSS YATES

shooting their own miniature rockets; a ladies' luncheon club has dubbed itself the Missile Misses; and no sooner does a contractor develop a new weapon than a new motel (e.g., Polaris, Vanguard) of the same name springs up in the scrub.

The space fever renews itself before daylight each morning, when long necklaces of auto headlights form along the highways that lead to Cape Canaveral's heavily guarded gates. Security guards check for pink windshield stickers, examine badges, wave the privileged on to their work. Construction workers peel off toward half-finished launching facilities. Others spike oil to hangars, laboratories, snack wagons and a hundred separate sites. At the lax plant, they run the machinery that daily chews up a chunk of damp Florida air and transforms it into 75 tons of liquid oxygen.

At Hangar C in the Shark compound, a bus disgorges a squad of Strategic Air Command trainees assigned to study the air-breathing missile. Another group runs a test on an 80-ft.-high telemetry antenna whose dish spreads 60 ft. wide. At the Cape fire station, the crew gets a lecture in handling fires that might break out in the unearthly, exotic fuels. In a grey and silver building, one man takes charge of 53 spools of colored wire used to maintain the big IBM 704 impact predictor computer. On the launching pads, workers clamber along the service-tower catwalks to tinker with the steel-fisted launcher that holds a missile down during thrust buildup.

Poker & Launch

In the assembly hangars, engineers work over birds just arrived from manufacturing plants. In the concrete blockhouses, experts cluster over their consoles, check the hundreds of telemetry receiving boxes that are stacked around the room like filing cabinets. They peer out of their redoubts through the eyes of closed-circuit TV cameras spotted around the launch pad (once, a camera zoomed in at the base of a gantry to discover a group of unwary poker players). At Central Control, sports-shriven young engineers tune in on an eleven-hour countdown that precedes a

missile firing, timing each monotonous checkoff point with the red-flashing sequencer count-light (on the bulletin board is a sign, OUT TO LAUNCH).

In the control center as well are the thousands of tubes and circuits that form the "time generator." This is the space age's electromechanical clockwork that provides the correct time to the thousandth of a second, so that when data is collected from all the film, tape, pen recorders, oscillographs and ballistic cameras up and down the 5,000-mile missile test range (see map), it can be correlated with absolute precision to give the story of just what happened when.

Taxis and Dishes

As the countdown gets within an hour of a missile firing, a converted B-17, outfitted with radar and television, begins a steady sweep of the range, flashes back to Central Control the position of any ship that may be in the area. A twin-engineered Convair 340 cruises off the coast near the range corridor, monitors the flock of special telemetering frequencies. A missile transmits on these frequencies coded reports from hundreds of tiny, delicate instruments that tell the scientists what they want to know most about missile behavior. (One missile shoot was delayed last October when an Air Force transmitter at Goose Bay, Labrador, unaccountably interfered with the telemetry transmission from the missile. The range operation officials asked Goose Bay to shut down its transmitter till the missile test was completed.)

Down range, the island tracking stations point their antennas and radar dishes overhead. Their mission: to monitor the rocket as it whistles by, destroy it if its course imperils humans, pick up anew the multitude of information telemetered to its receivers. From Puerto Rico northwest to the Cape, the data flows through an \$18 million submarine cable. Over radio-telephones and Cape intercoms

crackles the futuristic vocabulary of missileland that is nearly as hard to decipher as the telemetered data (see glossary).

Records & Failures

In the blockhouse, heavy with a deceptive air of boredom, the countdown goes on. Engineers study the banks of telemetry equipment that records specific measurements—temperature, valve operation, electric motors. If one instrument should fail, the countdown is held until it can be fixed. Sometimes the problems are solved by old-fashioned methods: during a recent Atlas countdown, a technician rushed to the launching pad, climbed the service tower, opened an entry plate in the monster bird, gave a stuck valve a sharp rap with the palm of his hand, closed the plate, dashed back to safety.

At last, with down-range stations reporting ready, the countdown leaps to zero. The orchestration's climax surges to an unworldly cacophony as a new Goliath storms into the air. In his headquarters at Patrick, General Yates watches a closed-circuit TV screen like a benign Big Brother, puffs on a Tareyton, ponders the flight, picks up the direct-line phone to take an accounting of the bird's programing. Long inured to so-called failures, Don Yates and the thousands of men at the Cape know that each launching—each of the thousands of reams of telemetered information—will teach a thousand lessons that must be learned for the future.

As night comes on, the missilemen turn for home, and patches of light fleck the Cape's darkness. Fresh beads of lights form at the gates as the night workers arrive. The rites of space go on, playing and replaying the themes that promise tomorrow's new world of space flight. In the shadows, on the sand, where the two silent telephones connect inexplicably to a place beyond, the sluggish armadillo pokes on, out of place, out of time.

MISSILE GLOSSARY

Ball-Peen Adjustment: *lit.*, a strike of a hammer, as in "I made a ball-peen adjustment on that sticky valve."

Cooking Bird: a missile that is building up thrust.

Green Bird: a missile that launches and flies perfectly.

Red Bird: a missile that fails.

Counting: operating, moving on time.

Destruct: *v.t.*, barbarism of destroy; also *adj.*, as used in "destruct button."

Drum Patter: one who feels drums, containing unstable propellants, for signs of heat.

EGADS (for Electronic Ground Automatic Destruct Sequencer): the ground-operated mechanism that destroys a missile in flight.

Eye-ball Instrumentation: a look with the peepers, *i.e.*, without the aid of instruments.

Holding: stymied, stalled.

Input: hot news or modification thereof; anything from a new howie tie to a fresh rumor.

Lox: liquid oxygen.

Lox on the Rocks (humor): a stiff drink.

Loxed Up: stewed to the gills.

Orbiting Wheel: supervisor at a busy launching pad.

Plugged In: ready for action; *e.g.*, a Missile Miss, stopping by to pick up a friend before repairing to the beach to watch a missile launching, asks: "Are you plugged in?"

TGIF: *lit.*, Thank God it's Friday. *i.e.*, payday, end of the work week, etc.

FOREIGN NEWS

U.A.R.

Father Ibrahim's Plot

Gamal Abdel Nasser declared open war on King Saud last week—the man whom he has often wooed in the past, whose oil moneys have helped fuel Nasser's subversions, whose army only two years ago was nominally put under a joint command headed by an Egyptian.

The declaration was neither a signed document nor a diplomatic ultimatum. But it was clear enough. It came when Nasser stepped onto his Damascus balcony, looked grandly out on the sea of cheering Arabs who have surrounded the guesthouse every day all day since he arrived two weeks ago, and charged that Saudi Arabia's King had plotted to overthrow the new United Arab Republic.

"Brothers," cried Nasser, "in such affairs it is difficult to produce documents, but this time we have them." As Syria's Intelligence Chief, Lieut. Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj hovered at his side, Nasser dramatically yanked a canceled check from a Manila envelope and shouted: "The first million was paid by Check No. 85902, drawn on the Arab Bank in Riyadh Feb. 20, 1958, payable to bearer and cashed at the Arab Bank branch in Damascus." Bearer, roared Nasser, was Serraj, who, as conscientious as he was vigilant, had accepted the check, then hurried to tell Nasser all about it. "We decided to nationalize it," said Nasser, and with a big grin, related how they coaxed Saud's agents into paying \$5,600,000 of the promised \$60 million in advance, and cashed the "money—oil money, to be used by us here for building heavy industry which will become the first pillar in our new five-year plan."

"The Building." Following Nasser's blast, Serraj met the press to relate a modern Arabian Nights tale, a sort of *Scheherazade* with photostats. The chunky, blue-chinned colonel, who also discovered a plot last summer when his government was closing an arms deal with Soviet Russia, said that Saud had approached him through one of Saud's fathers-in-law, Syrian-born Assad Ibrahim. According to Ibrahim, said Serraj, Saud considered Nasser's union "Egyptian imperialism," and had sworn "by his father's soul that this union shall not take place." Ibrahim forthwith offered Serraj financial and moral support for the Syrian presidency if Serraj would lead a coup.

Explaining that the code word for the plot was "the building," Serraj produced copies of three cables. The first, addressed by Ibrahim to Umm Emir Khalid, the name of his royal daughter in Riyadh, said: "We arrived safely. We saw the building and completed definite agreement. Send 200 immediately. Am waiting in Damascus at Hotel Bilal Rashid for your prompt answer. Your father Assad Ibrahim." The second said: "Building in perfect condition, but he wants second



SYRIA'S SERRAJ
Telling on the plotters.

half of money before transferring building as planned. Necessary repairs will be made after arrival of your remittance. Assad Ibrahim." Serraj handed around photostats of three checks and deposit slips for \$5,300,000 to show that the "building" was not without foundation. The third cable, said to have been sent by Ibrahim after he left Damascus for Beirut, was addressed to a former Syrian M.P. who had acted as a Damascus go-between: "Come immediately. Building fraudulent. Refused give us anything. Give money back to original owners. Our situation is dangerous. Umm Khalid is sick and angry and asks our immediate return."



IRAQ'S NURI AS-SAID
Back on the job.

Serraj also showed a letter on Saud's royal stationery saying that after the coup "Shukri [el Kuwaiti] and members of the present [Syrian] government should be detained and kept until the situation becomes normal and the republic is proclaimed. After that, they are of no value and can be disposed of." Without supporting evidence, Serraj charged that another Saudi emissary offered him another \$5,600,000 to "send a plane after Nasser's plane when he leaves Damascus, and then say a Jewish American or British plane was responsible for shooting it down." The same man, said Serraj, told him that "the Americans are advised of what is going on."

Westerners were inclined to doubt the whole story. They pointed out that Saud was unlikely to use checks, that the choice of courier was improbable—Assad Ibrahim was reportedly only a simple Syrian farmer until his daughter caught the eye of one of Saud's roving agents and was installed as a favorite in the royal harem (Ibrahim's brother drives a taxicab in Damascus).

Battle Lines. The plot's truth or fiction scarcely mattered. What was important was that Nasser had made the charge at all. In doing so, he had made an open break with Saud, giving up all hope of wooing him to his Arab Republic, heedless of the fact that this must drive Saud toward the Hashemite federation of Iraq and Jordan. Plainly, Nasser was pinning his hopes of uniting the Arab world on an attempt to unseat its Kings—Iraq's Feisal, Jordan's Hussein, and now Saudi Arabia's Saud. It was a dangerous ploy, and as the battle lines hardened, Iraq's Feisal summoned back the redoubtable Nuri as-Said to take over for his 14th tour as Premier.

Real or fictitious, plots are a standard part of every dramatic turn in the Middle East's crises, rousing mass anger or diverting the attention of the streets. Last week plots were busting out all over. Tunisia's Habib Bourguiba charged that Cairo had plotted to have him assassinated. In Egypt, Nasser's intelligence officers charged that five conspirators had accepted British and Saudi money in a plot to assassinate Nasser last year. The Nasser-Serraj bombshell successfully diverted Syrians' attention from Nasser's announcement of the new republic's Cabinet—which gives the Egyptians nine of ten U.A.R. ministries, and installs the resourceful Serraj as Interior Minister and strongman of Nasser's Syrian province.

NORTH AFRICA

Bound for Obliteration

Of all North Africa's native leaders, none has been a stauncher friend to France than Morocco's King Mohammed V. Though it is now two years since Morocco became independent, 270,000

Frenchmen still live there, 20,000 still serve in the Moroccan bureaucracy. King Mohammed has let France keep 30 bases and 35,000 troops in Morocco. This devotion to the French dream of "interdependence" between Morocco and France has exposed the King to incessant and increasing protests from Morocco's vociferous ultranationalists, who abhor all dealings with their country's former imperial masters. In reply, King Mohammed has counseled patience, negotiations and trust.

But last week Mohammed turned on France. He flatly demanded the withdrawal of all French forces in Morocco. To show that he meant business, his army halted three French military trains, thereby interrupting the convenient arrangement under which 50,000 troops and great quantities of matériel have been shipped into Algeria from France's Moroccan garrisons in the past two years. A week earlier, when news seeped out of the desert that French and Spanish forces were conducting a joint campaign to clear their Saharan possessions of Moroccan irregulars, Mohammed Y launched on a tour of Morocco's southern border. Heretofore, Mohammed has kept himself carefully aloof from Moroccan extremists' attempts to snatch the potentially oil-rich Sahara away from France and Spain. At the oasis of M'mahid before a cheering throng of desert riders, he laid formal claim to the western Sahara—a claim based on the fact that 900 years ago his ancestors of the Almoravide Dynasty ruled all north-west Africa.

Lost Confidence. Truth was that lingering Arab confidence in France was ebbing so rapidly in the wake of Sakiet that no leader could soothe his angry subjects with assurances of French good faith and be convincing. Last week Mohammed was acting like a man whose own patience had run out, whose own confidence in French good will was gone.

Mohammed's sudden claim to Mauritania and his anger over the Sakiet bombing had no logical link except that of history. But Mohammed made clear their linkage in his own mind by juxtaposing the two subjects in an interview this week with French newsmen. Morocco, he told them, "cannot maintain its present policy of restraint if the Algerian problem does not receive a solution which gives satisfaction to the national aspirations of the Algerian people and recognizes their liberty and sovereignty." In a defiant gesture of solidarity with Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba in his quarrel with France, the King endorsed Bourguiba's long-standing dream of a North African federation composed of Tunisia, Morocco and Algeria.

The Old Explanation. In Paris French Premier Félix Gaillard, apparently unfazed by the disaffection of one of France's few remaining supporters in North Africa, promptly made matters worse. Racked by lumbago, Gaillard painfully hauled himself to the National Assembly, won his tenth vote of confidence (286 to 147) by promising to pursue the Algerian war with

relentless vigor and to dispatch 28,000 more French troops to join the 500,000 already fighting the Algerian rebels. While he politicked, Gaillard left U.S. Troubles-shooter Robert Murphy and Britain's Harold Beeley cooling their heels, thus deliberately stalling their "good offices" mission to settle the rankling dispute between France and Tunis. Tunisian tempers were not improved as the first of thousands of Algerians uprooted from France's new no man's land along the Algerian-Tunisian frontier streamed into Tunisia and huddled miserably in makeshift tents.

Gaillard's excuse to Murphy and Beeley was the familiar one that in the present

ing as she lay on the operating table in a military hospital. She admitted being a rebel courier, denied she had any part in the bombings, refused to give the hiding place of Yacel Saadi. For the next 17 days she was in the hands of the French paratroops. In her testimony later, Djamilia said she was beaten repeatedly, Djamilia testified: "They stripped me naked and tied me on a bench, taking care to put damp cloths under the cords that bound me. They then fixed electric contacts to my sexual organs, my ears, my mouth, the palms of my hands, my nipples, and my forehead. At 3 in the morning I fainted. Later, I became delirious. Every time, while one of the paratroopers worked



MOROCCO'S MOHAMMED TOURING THE SAHARAN BORDER
Ebbing patience for an uncertain friend.

F. Pottecher

delicate state of French politics any conciliatory gesture he might make toward Tunisia would bring his government down. But in the present delicate state of Arab politics French failure to come to a settlement with the Algerian rebels was rapidly obliterating France's last hope of retaining any influence in North Africa.

ALGERIA

"Tac-Tac-Tac"

Last spring, on a predawn prowling of Algiers' casbah, a French military patrol opened fire on some shadowy figures moving in the half-light. When they reached the spot, the soldiers found a 22-year-old girl named Djamilia Bouhired sprawled in the narrow street, with a bullet wound in the shoulder. In her possession were various F.L.N. documents linking her to Yacel Saadi, the rebel "Captain of Algiers," who had been terrorizing the city with a rash of bombs planted in cafes, milk bars, and litter baskets.

Stripped Naked. Pretty, doe-eyed Djamilia was so important a find that French officers did not even wait until her wound was bandaged; they began their question-

ing the machine, the others took notes." A month after the alleged tortures, a French doctor examined her and professed to find nothing wrong; in fact, he identified the bullet wounds in her shoulder as only "open fistulae due to tuberculosis."

At her court-martial the prosecution assembled three witnesses to link her to the crimes. One of them promptly denied that Djamilia Bouhired had any part in the bombings; the second never appeared—she was also a paratrooper prisoner, and the newspapers announced that she had died in custody. The third was a 19-year-old girl named Djamilia Bouazza who had spent three years in a mental hospital, answered most questions by machine-gunning the court with her finger and crying: "Tac-tac-tac." She tried to undress on the witness stand and, frantically spinning a bracelet on her wrist, alternately withdrew her charge against the defendant and renewed it. A French doctor assured the court that Witness Bouazza was sane; two other doctors said they would prefer to express no opinion.

Dirty Chinaman. The defendant's lawyer, Jacques Vergès, the son of a French father and a Vietnamese mother, had his

own problems. He was greeted with angry shouts of "Kill the dirty Chinaman!" When he protested an arbitrary ruling, the examining judge observed, "Doctors who care for rebels are arrested. It might be better to arrest lawyers who defend them." Vergès was not allowed to make a final plea for his client. Djamilia Bouhired, permitted a few words before sentence was passed, said: "The truth is that I love my country; I want to see it free. And it is for this, and this alone, that you have tortured me and are going to condemn me to death. But when you kill us do not forget that you are killing your own



DJAMILIA BOUHIREH
Will she be guillotined?

country's tradition of liberty, staining its honor, and endangering its future." The court sentenced her to death.

Pardon to Death? Djamilia Bouhired last week was in solitary confinement in the massively grim Barberousse fortress, overlooking the city of Algiers. All legal appeals have failed, and unless she is pardoned by President Coty of France, she will walk to the guillotine as have 127 other Algerians in the 33-year rebellion. Outraged at the dubious procedures of her trial, French newspapers from the Communist *L'Humanité* to the conservative *Le Figaro* to the right-wing *L'Aurore* are protesting her coming execution. India's Nehru, Tunisia's Bourguiba, Russia's Voroshilov have appealed for clemency as have writers, labor leaders, professors, bishops and philosophers from Norway to Switzerland to Lebanon.

The French, traditionally, are reluctant to guillotine women. But the guillotine is not the only way a person can die. Said her lawyer: "If pardoned by President Coty, Djamilia Bouhired is likely to be sent to a prison camp in a barren region bordering on the Sahara, and there will be little trouble finding another 'medical expert' to testify that her death was due to 'natural causes.'"

GHANA

Stable Anniversary

The recorded radio beat of tom-toms thrilled through the city of Accra (pop. 200,000). Barelegged toga-clad Ghanaians danced down to the beach for a mass picnic, snaked through the streets in roaring torchlight procession, cheered the unveiling of a larger-than-life-size statue of Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah, 48. "Founder of the Nation."

In honor of the first anniversary of Ghana's independence, Accra's first traffic lights blinked on. Crowds gathered at street corners far into the night, cheering as cars were brought to a stop by the red and encouraging them to move on the green. At one of the anniversary's innumerable ceremonies, Nkrumah presented his handsome young Egyptian bride Fatia to his countrymen. (They have dubbed her "Mammy Water," the local word for mermaid.) Welcoming such specially invited representatives of "the oppressed peoples of Africa" as Tanganyika's Julius Nyerere, Kenya's Tom Mboya and Zanzibar's Ali Mushin, Nkrumah said: "We here in Ghana should not fail to realize the unique position of responsibility in which the achievement of our independence has placed us."

Imposing Gains. The picture of Ghana on its first birthday was encouraging. U.S.-educated Kwame Nkrumah and his ministers have proved that a West African country can govern itself. Prudently making the most of cocoa's reviving market in a world of sinking commodity prices, Nkrumah has built Ghana's gold and dollar reserves to nearly \$600 million and used Ghana's rising income to finance a long-range development program (sports, roads, schools). Fortified by a two-thirds majority in Parliament, he has imposed stability and order in a nation of six main tribes, three religions, 64 dialects.

Nkrumah was convinced that to establish his infant government's authority he had to smash the tribal power of the chiefs, particularly over land tenure, and substitute the political power of his party machine. He summarily deported five tribal leaders, highhandedly displaced local officers and replaced them with his own men, concentrating on the center of resistance in the cocoa-rich Ashanti country.

Such methods roused a storm of anxious outcry among Britons who had most ardently urged Ghana's readiness to take its place in the British Commonwealth of Nations. But Nkrumah persisted, and last month was rewarded when his party gained a surprise majority in local elections in Kumasi, the traditional stronghold of Ashanti opposition. The chiefs' hold was broken, and Ghanaians appear to have accepted the change with no more than a murmur.

Jungle Kibbutzes. In spite of Soviet propaganda and missions, Ghana has yet to establish even diplomatic ties with Moscow. Nkrumah still wants his economic aid to come in the form of investments from the West. The British have no thought of pulling out of an expanding

economy which, with Malaya's, now provides 25% of their hard-currency income. Though Nasser would doubtless like to capitalize on Nkrumah's Egyptian marriage to enlist Ghana in his bloc, Nkrumah has skillfully walked a tightrope between Egypt and Israel, has asked and obtained Israeli help in setting up a shipping line, and brought in an Israeli technician to discuss setting up kibbutz-like communal farms in Ghana's jungles.

Next month Nkrumah will play host in Accra at a conference of seven other African nations. Last week he accepted President Eisenhower's invitation to pay an



FATIA NKUMAH
Is she a mermaid?

official visit to Washington next July. After graduating in 1939 from Lincoln University in Oxford, Pa., Nkrumah won a bachelor of theology degree from the same university, and later took a master's degree in philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania. "It will give me the greatest pleasure," said Nkrumah, "to visit the United States, where I spent the greater part of my university life."

SPAIN

In Business

Just after sunset one night last week, a flight of U.S. Air Force B-47 jet bombers streaked across the purple Guadarrama Mountains and slid onto Western Europe's longest runway, the new 13,400-ft. strip of the U.S. Strategic Air Command's Torrejón Air Base, 13 miles north-east of Madrid. Looking down on the serried ranks of bombers on the once-empty apron, a U.S. control-tower operator crowed, "Man, are we ever in business!"

After four years of construction, U.S. bases in Spain are 80% completed. The network: three full-fledged SAC bases (at Torrejón, Zaragoza, Murón), completing a chain that stretches 1,200 miles



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from England to Morocco; a supply base at San Pablo, near Seville; a big sea and air base at Rota, commanding the Atlantic side of the Strait of Gibraltar; a 485-mile underground fuel pipeline linking the bases. Total cost of the bases when completed: \$340 million.

In return for the right to establish its bases on Spain's strategic soil, the U.S. has so far given Franco \$650 million in military assistance and defense support, another \$264 million in economic aid that has helped build dams, factories, highways and housing. Critics have objected that the U.S. has thus bolstered Franco's position over the Spanish people. Franco retorts that Spain is the most staunchly anti-Communist of all the U.S.'s allies, has asked U.S. military experts to make a special study of Spain's "increased vulnerability" on the ground that U.S. bases have made his country a "front-line" target of Soviet long-range missiles. Spain is the only nation in Western Europe now receiving direct grants of economic aid from the U.S. But Franco argues that Spain received no help under the Marshall Plan, is asking for enough additional money to help raise the Spanish economy to the level of the rest of Western Europe.

CYPRUS

New Wrinkle

Down the main street of the tiny Cypriot village of Vassa one night last week strode 15 masked men in strict military order. A year ago, the sight of such gunmen meant that some one had been singled out for death as a collaborator with the British. But this time the EOKA men proved to be bound on a singularly innocent errand. Invading the village coffee shop, they ordered its customers to face the wall, then searched their pockets for British cigarettes.

The raid on the Vassa coffee shop was the start of a new and radically different EOKA attack on British rule in Cyprus. Colonel George Grivas, who heads EOKA, issued a leaflet announcing that he was "raising the banner of passive resistance," peremptorily ordered a boycott of British football pools and such imported British goods as cigarettes, shoes, whisky, soft drinks and sweets. Proclaimed Grivas: "Britain is sucking away the sweat of the Cypriot people. She digs her hands into their pockets and takes their money in the form of import duties, taxes, and fines."

By week's end Cyprus' stores were running low on locally produced cigarettes; Cypriot cobblers happily reported soaring demand for their ill-made shoes; and thousands of tickets for a government lottery on behalf of Cyprus' hospitals were going unsold. Some 1,300 headmen and elders of Greek Cypriot villages resigned office in open refusal to cooperate with the British authorities in any way. Said one weary British businessman: "I thought passive resistance meant everyone was going to lie down on railroad tracks the way they did in India in Gandhi's day. This looks worse."

GREAT BRITAIN

Out of Step

Driven by an unhappy awareness of Britain's declining power and her vulnerability to nuclear attack, an increasing number of Englishmen are disposed to favor summit talks on almost any terms. The parade of politicians who play on this wistful longing for talks for talk's sake is headed by Labor Party Leader Hugh Gaitskell. The West should not insist on summit talks "supposed to put the final seal on everything," argues Gaitskell; instead, it should be willing to set-

of U.S. planes loaded with hydrogen bombs; 3) postponement of construction work on U.S. missile bases in Britain until a new attempt has been made to negotiate with the Soviet Union.

So far, Britain's Tory government has stood firm in the face of Labor's blasts. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan continues to insist that there would be no point to summit talks without "a hope of definite achievement." Viscount Hailsham, chairman of the Tory Party, was equally unenthusiastic about suspending British H-bomb tests so long as the Russians continue theirs. Said Hailsham: "Within



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"How do we pack old inflexible?"

tle for what he calls "the ice-breaking type of conference."

Privately, Gaitskell feels it unlikely that much good will come of a summit meeting. But publicly, he finds it both wise and popular to endorse the idea and blame the U.S. for any delay in its realization. "The Americans," he told a television audience last week, "have been a bit difficult about summit talks and what we call taking the peace initiative." With even fewer inhibitions, Aneurin Bevan (the likeliest candidate for Foreign Secretary, should Labor come to power) named the name of Britain's favorite scapegoat, accused Secretary of State John Foster Dulles of spurning an important Soviet "concession" when he rejected the hoopy-trapped Russian proposal for a "foreign ministers' conference to establish a summit meeting agenda."

Go Slow. To the gratification of a group of dissident Laborites calling themselves "Victory for Socialism" (TIME, March 10), Labor Party chieftains have also found it expedient to emphasize the go-slow aspects of the party's policy on nuclear armaments. Last week issued a new policy declaration calling for 1) suspension of British H-bomb tests for "a limited period"; 2) immediate discontinuance of patrol flights from British bases

the last week or two. I understand, [the Russians] have exploded devices equal to 3,000,000 tons of high explosives . . . On the assumption that I am right in thinking we are not in front in this race, we should not forget that our tests are more important to us than theirs are to them."

Two Kinds of Fission. But nearly every political poll shows the Tories trailing Labor in popularity, and odds are that after the next general election, Britain will have a Labor government. Wrote London's conservative *Daily Telegraph* last week: "These foolish concessions might lessen the danger of political fission within the Labor Party. But they would do nothing to lessen the danger of nuclear fission in the world at large. Indeed, by getting out of step with the Americans and breaking up Western unity on disarmament, we might even be reducing the chances of an eventual East-West agreement."

ITALY

Passing Storm

It was the week of his 82nd birthday, but Pope Pius XII was in no mood to celebrate. For days he fumed and brooded in his chambers. Then *Osservatore Romano* curtly announced that because of "the

bitterness, sorrow and outrage in Italy." His Holiness had canceled the festivities that were to mark the 10th anniversary of his coronation. Finally, the Vatican lashed out at the culprits who had aroused its fury: it excommunicated the three Florentine judges who had convicted the Bishop of Prato of criminal defamation for having called the civil marriage of a local couple "scandalous concubinage" (TIME, March 10).

The Vatican's action was drastic enough to raise the ancient quarrel between church and state in Italy to sudden white heat. Communists and left-wingers charged church interference in Italian politics; Catholics all over the nation held parades and rallies in support of the bishop. The Vatican radio declared that "the church is being denied liberty in the exercise of its sovereign powers." In the Chamber of Deputies, a debate on a Communist-sponsored bill to curb "clerical interference in political affairs" ended in fistfights between the Christian Democrats and their Communist hecklers.

The eruption seemed to provide the catharsis that Italy needed. Though the country has not heard the last of the Bishop of Prato—he has filed an appeal—all the violence subsided as suddenly as a summer storm. "As a Catholic," said Premier Adone Zoli of the bishop's conviction, "I am of course saddened. But as Prime Minister I can only believe that justice must take its course." At week's end the Vatican itself seemed ready to trim its tone to the nation's mood. "The time has come," said *Osservatore Romano*, "to allow things to return to equilibrium."

IRAN

The Barren Queen

The primary purpose of a queen is to have children. In Moslem kingdoms such as Iran, where only a man can ascend the throne, it is of even greater primacy that they be male.

One bright morning last month, a procession of elderly courtiers and politicians trooped into Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi's palace to discuss "crucial matters which have vital importance for the future of the monarchy." The "matters" boiled down to one: the failure of beautiful, 25-year-old Queen Soraya to produce an heir in seven years of marriage.

Slim, Westernized Soraya rushed to Switzerland, probably for a new series of "medical checkups." In Zurich, to conceal her purpose from the press, the green-eyed Queen bought 17 ski costumes, new skis, mufflers, mittens, jaunty knitted caps. But she went skiing only twice, to the dismay of the instructor placed wholly at her disposal. The Queen's German mother played solitaire all day, brooded and developed a facial tic. The Queen ate little, leaving her untouched trays out on the terrace to feed the birds. There were no 7 p.m. phone calls from the Shah, routine on previous trips. Soraya could reflect on the fate of her predecessor, Queen Fawzia, sister of Egypt's former King Farouk. She was able to give the Shah only a daughter, and was

divorced (in 1948). But the Shah is reportedly deeply in love with the svelte Soraya (as he was not with Fawzia), and she with him.

When word came that Soraya's father, Iran's Ambassador to West Germany, had broken his leg in a fall, Soraya threw on a mink coat and, with her mother, her Skye terrier and 42 pieces of luggage, set off for Cologne. Two days later her uncle, Assad Bakhtiari, arrived from Teheran as an emissary of the 38-year-old Shah, held a three-hour bargaining session with Soraya and her parents in a carnation-filled embassy room dominated by a huge oil painting of the Shah. His reported offer: unless Soraya agreed to the Shah's taking



QUEEN SORAYA & THE SHAH
Where do babies come from?

a second wife who might provide him with a son, he would divorce her. To the second-wife plan, Soraya reportedly gave an "angry and disgusted" no. If the second wife bore a son, she would inevitably become "the" Queen, and Soraya's standing would be sharply downgraded. As for divorce, Soraya shrugged resignedly: "Insh' Allah!" (As God wills it!).

At week's end the disconsolate Queen was trying to find amusement at roulette, the movies and television. Back in Teheran, some courtiers felt sure that, on reflection, Soraya would reconcile herself to sharing the Shah with another wife. Said one courtier: "Women have been known to change their minds."

HUNGARY

The Smooth Surface

Like a mask that hides the agony of the face beneath it, an uneasy calm has settled over the surface of Hungary: somehow, the people and their hated government are managing to get along. Last week TIME Correspondent Edgar Clark went to Budapest for a firsthand look at what life is like 16 months after the revolution. His report:

On the fringe of Budapest, smoke pours steadily from factory chimneys, and in the city, movie houses disgorge streams of

blinking customers (*Marty and Trapeze* are sellouts). In bars (where only foreigners and party bureaucrats have cash enough to drink regularly) U.S.-make jukeboxes squawk the raucous normalcy of rock 'n' roll. But the iron fist looms through the shoddy substitute for velvet: at a Budapest restaurant, a grey-haired old waiter is seized by security police, vanishes. His crimes: he has a young relative who is studying to be a priest, and he has been observed chatting with foreigners in scraps of languages picked up when he worked abroad years ago. He is deported to his native village. The old waiter's place is filled by a young man who learned his languages under party supervision.

Such banishments are commonplace in post-revolution Hungary. The police knock, and later a Western visitor notices that some person he has known has disappeared. Most Hungarians tapped by the police leave when ordered, and quietly; the alternative is jail. In the nightclubs patronized by foreigners, the bar girls are new, placed there by the police to watch and listen.

No More Pep. Dosed with large shots of Russian and satellite credit, the economy creaks, but it functions, and wages have not been cut. The collective farms, heavily subsidized by the government (private farmers get no help, are gradually losing out), produce enough food for most of the population.

The regime has saved its greatest wrath for the Communists who put their loyalty to Hungary above party discipline and joined the rebellion. They have been purged, and some have been exiled to the hinterlands. The ironic result is that the regime has been forced to hire nonpolitical technical and professional men for the choice jobs formerly saved for party members. The purge brought at least one other improvement: an end to the tedious weekly Communist pep talks formerly required in every factory and business establishment. The party rank and file, presumably, is still too weak to be entrusted with propagandizing.

Hidden Bitterness. Hungary's gallant and bloody bid for freedom brought more repression; Poland's limited nonsanguinary revolution brought less. In Poland, Western newspapers are to be had, and citizens complain about the government with something approaching freedom. In Hungary only newspaper offices and high officials get printed news from the West, and the people keep their bitterness to themselves. In Poland fearless Cardinal Wysynski goods the administration; in Hungary Cardinal Mindszenty hides in the American legation. The Hungarian writers who inspired and helped lead the revolution seldom dare to write even sly gibes (though they regularly and stubbornly send delegations to demand the release of Novelist Tibor Dery, intellectual leader of the revolt).

But calculated repression and artificial prosperity have produced an outward semblance of order. Last week things were running smoothly enough for the government to announce that 17,000 Soviet

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troops would be gone by the end of the month. Moscow will still have an estimated 100,000 troops left in Hungary—just in case.

GERMANY

Her Brother's Keeper

Friedrich Nietzsche was a pale, crabby hermit who sat in a cheap Swiss boarding house peering beyond good and evil and demanding, at the top of his apocalyptic voice, the rearing of a daemonically driven breed of superman. Just when the world began to get wind of his prophetic fulminations, he went mad. For the last tragic eleven years of his life, he was a myth—and so he has remained. Out of that myth

anti-Jewish mass meetings and rounded up 267,000 signatures for his appeal to Bismarck to register all German Jews and bar them from key jobs. When Nietzsche found out that Förster's outfit was quoting some of his own diatribes against the values held sacred since Greek and Jewish times, he was furious at what he considered misappropriation of his views: "This damned anti-Semitism!" he wrote a friend. "It is the reason for the abrupt break with my sister." And to another: "I will not be associated with anybody who has any part in this lying race-swindle." Elisabeth married Förster and went off with him to Paraguay to start a "Nueva Germania" of 100% blue-eyed, red-bearded Teutons. The colony flopped. Förster committed suicide, and Elisabeth bounced back to Europe just in time to take care of Friedrich, who had suddenly and finally collapsed in 1889.

Hitler's Author. Calling herself Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche, she sued for and got all her brother's manuscripts. Forthwith, she grandiosely renamed her family home the Nietzsche Archive, where she exhibited Nietzsche, white-gowned and empty-eyed, to teatime guests. But she allowed no one else a look at the manuscripts, put together her brother's last writings in a volume that she entitled *The Will to Power*. This is the book which pan-Germans and Nazis acclaimed as "Nietzsche's crowning philosophical work... the most important philosophical system of the 19th century."

A smaller band of Nietzscheans led by Novelist Thomas Mann acclaimed the Nietzsche of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, the prophet-poet who looked piercingly about his Victorian world and pronounced all its accepted truths a sham. But his sister zealously vaunted her status as the Nietzsche Archive's high priestess, fostered the myth she had largely created, lived to transmit her priestess' blessing to Mussolini and Hitler, Nietzsche, Hitler proclaimed, was "the pioneer of National Socialism."

Finally gaining access to the Nietzsche papers after the death of this jealous keeper in 1935, Professor Schlechta has worked ever since over the last writings. His definitive editing downgrades *The Will to Power* to what he found it to be, a series of notebook jottings in no way coordinated or assembled and never intended for publication in such schematic form or under such a title. Stripping the notes of Elisabeth's gratuitously added chapter headings and subtitles, he lists them as they were written, along with thousands of other jottings that Elisabeth saw fit to omit because they did not suit her distorting purpose.

Everybody's Ancestor. Schlechta was able to prove what scholars have long suspected, that Elisabeth suppressed letters in which Nietzsche spoke ill of her and forged others to prove her authority as her brother's only trusted interpreter. Nietzsche wrote many affectionate letters to his mother; Elisabeth dropped ink blots on the word "Mother" and published the letters as if addressed to herself. Schlechta also spotted other frauds

with the help of a pack of notebooks that Elisabeth had hidden under attic eaves (Nietzsche had a habit of drafting letters to friends in his notebooks before sending them). The only copies extant of Nietzsche letters saying, "You are the only person I trust absolutely," and "You are such a good friend and helper," were in Elisabeth's own hand; on these she had written that the originals were "later lost" or "burned by our dear mother." In all, Schlechta traced about 30 forged letters.

In Western Germany the impact of Schlechta's findings was instant. Said Hamburg's newspaper *Die Welt*: "A new Nietzsche dates from this edition." In Schlechta's interpretation, Nietzsche's "will to power" emerges not for not



Bettmann Archive

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE
A new ancestor disclosed.



Ullstein

ELISABETH FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE
An old legend destroyed.

Hitler's propaganda made him the philosopher of Nazism in World War II.

Last week the talk of literary Germany was a Darmstadt professor's painstakingly documented debunking of that myth. The crude myth of the racist Nietzsche, argued Professor Karl Schlechta in his new edition of the seer's works, was the consciously perpetrated fraud of his sister, guardian and sole literary executrix, the late Frau Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche.

Elisabeth, a smug and righteous climber, happened to be visiting her brother Friedrich when he fell in with Richard Wagner. Before long Friedrich was telling Wagner to his outraged face that he thought Bizet's operas better ("Bizet's music does not sweat," explained Nietzsche). But his dumpy little sister fell hard for the anti-Semitic, Valhalla-first rantings that her brother Friedrich dismissed as Wagnerian idiosyncrasies. She took up with a Wagnerian camp follower named Bernhard Förster, who organized Germany's first

alone) as man's will to mastery over other men, but as his will to a sort of excellence or virtue in his own inner being. Far from upholding *Deutschland-über-Alles* traditions of Germanic superiority, this Nietzsche is the elite-minded aristocrat who wrote scornfully of his countrymen: "The Germans are responsible for the neurosis called nationalism from which Europe suffers." To Schlechta and his colleagues, the new Nietzsche is the seer whose volcanic revulsion against what James Gibbons Huneker once called the Seven Deadly Virtues furnished existentialists of modern France and Germany with much of their original inspiration, and whose evocations of the darker side of human consciousness lighted the way to some of the first insights of Freud and psychoanalysis.

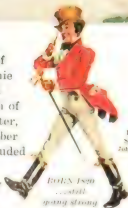
Freed at last from the clutches of his sister and her racist friends, Nietzsche may find his place in Germany and Europe not as a national but as a universal ancestor of a troubled age.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In a quiet room of Providence's VA Hospital, bearded, longtime expatriate Author **Elliot** (*The Last Time I Saw Paris*) **Paul**, 67, a lifelong agnostic, now dying of heart disease, called for a priest, crossed himself with three fingers in the sign of the Trinity, and became a member of the Greek Orthodox Church. "Teach me to pray," he asked the priest. "I want to pray."

Golf-playing physicists have one big advantage—they know their physics. Hoping to improve his game (mid-80s), topnotch Physicist-Professor **Luis W. Alvarez**, 46, went about it scientifically, designed a stroboscopic golf-trainer. The electronic gadget allows the golfer to see "a series of positionally arrested images" of the club head and tell whether it is approaching the ball at the proper angle. The University of California physicist shipped one trainer to a fellow golfer in the White House, last week received a patent (No. 2,825,509) on his idea.

Her hot-blooded romance and marriage with **Roberto Rossellini** having fizzled into an annulment suit in an Italian court, **Ingrid Bergman**, 41, ventured on a northern route, lighted a new romance with rich, arty, Swedish Producer-Publisher **Lars Schmidt**, 45. Finding the way less volcanic, Ingrid first visited Schmidt's family, then, badly concealed behind dark glasses, high boots and a flat cap, and hugged around her chin by a scarf, she went off for a quiet weekend with Lars in a wooden summer cottage on a Swedish West Coast island. "I love that little island," purred Ingrid, who had once been



NIXON & HOPE
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enchanted by another idyllic island, Stromboli. Asked whether a marriage was in the making, Bachelor Schmidt replied: "We can neither deny nor confirm that," but the couple announced that they would spend their summer together on what local wits had dubbed "New Stromboli."

In the pink stucco palace of Monaco, **Princess Grace** calmly awaited her second child, and **Prince Rainier** amused himself in the royal zoo. But behind the apparent serenity of Their Serene Highnesses, a serious political crisis lurked in the shadows. For the first time in the eight-year reign of the chubbly Prince, the National Council (which is elected by Monaco's male citizens, has only advisory power) dared to challenge Rainier's status as Europe's only surviving absolute ("by divine right") monarch. Not only did the Council demand constitutional reforms from the Prince, but also that he hire his luxury-loving Minister of State. When Rainier retorted, "I will accept no limitations on my powers," there, for the moment, the matter rested, and all Monaco went back to listening for the great boom of the cannon on Monte Carlo's *La Rocher*—21 rounds for a girl, 101 if the House of Grimaldi gets a male heir, which would doubly insure continued freedom from French income taxes.

Trying to nose his way into Russia to make a TV film, **Bob Hope** waited for a visa in London, then flew back to the U.S. to sit it out. But in Washington the visa came through so fast that the Russian embassy's cultural attaché greeted him with "Hello, Conqueror," explained "To get a visa in two weeks, this is remark-

able." Later the comedian was handed a USO appreciation award (for years of contribution to "the welfare and well-being of America's armed forces") by his old friend **Dick Nixon**, who recalled that in his first election campaign, "Hope stared intently at me for a minute and then sighed: 'What an ad for Sun Valley we two would make.'"

Svelte, sultry Negro Singer **Lena Horne**, currently charming Broadway as a musicomedienne in *Jamaica*, explained in a New York *Post* interview that race equality, to her, meant "enjoying things that other people enjoy," and not just intermarriage. When I think of marriage, I think of Lennie (Musical Director Lennie Hayton), a man who has been kind to me. I don't think "white man." An active champion of her race, Lena said she had often been exploited by "white liberals" and saw "a lot of phony sympathy around," but she played along because "it was openly for Negro causes."

Warmly wishing him well, President Eisenhower accepted the retirement of **Harold R. Medina**, 70, from active service as a U.S. Circuit judge. Presiding over the sensational 1949 trial of eleven first-string Communists, Judge Medina survived the endless Red heckling and haranguing, worked quietly, meticulously, indefatigably, won fame and the nation's respect by conducting the fairest nine-months-long trial the Reds could have had.

After a series of earnest, fretful speeches on the "teen-age problem," the moderator of a P.T.A. meeting in Saluda, Va., asked: "Are there any remarks from the



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floor?" Up rose Marine Lieut. General (ret.) **Lewis B. ("Chesty") Puller**, 59, five-time winner of the Navy Cross, commander of teen-agers in two wars, father of boy and girl twins in the local high school. "I certainly do have something to say," boomed the general, in a voice that could be heard to the shores of Tripoli. "Just don't worry about the young boys of today. They don't need to be coddled, and they don't need to be condemned. Out of the 13,000 men under me at the Chosin reservoir in North Korea, 4,000



Associated Press

CHESTY PULLER
 Leave the boys alone.

became amputees. Nobody complained about American youth then. Leave your sons alone—let them grow up to be men."

After reviewing the case and listening to the judgment of his colleagues, Air Force Secretary James H. Douglas last week reaffirmed the 1925 court-martial sentence ("suspended from rank, command and duty, with forfeiture of all pay and allowances for five years") of General **William L. Mitchell**. In essence, Secretary Douglas' verdict was that Billy Mitchell's ideas on air power had long been vindicated but that the punishment for his un-military behavior should stand.

Recuperating in Paris after finishing an exhausting job as a gun moli in *En Cas de Malheur* ("If Things Don't Work Out"), toothsome **Brigitte Bardot** was also recovering from a broken engagement to Cinemactor Jean-Louis Trintignant (her husband in... *And God Created Woman*) who is currently shouldering his army hitch in Germany. Explaining that she cannot stand long separations and that he does not get enough leaves, BB said: "I'm terribly demanding, I know, but I need the one I love near me all the time to defend and console me."

EDUCATION

The Troublemakers

Hounded by lurid headlines, the New York City public schools last month suspended some 600 classroom toughs after a series of blackboard-jungle incidents ranging from rowdiness to rape (Time, Feb. 10, 1971). But the suspensions only postponed the basic problem: Where can the tough kids go to school?

Last week, grasping at a temporary solution, the city cleaned out two abandoned school buildings, brought in new furniture and began to hunt for ways of handling boys with some of the sorriest records in town (assaults on principals, sexual advances, purse-snatching).

The all-male schools, called "700s" (to tag them as a separate series), met different receptions. One opened in a rundown part of Brooklyn without a stir. But the other, in Manhattan's Greenwich Village, brought violent protests from the district school board and the local P.T.A. One group grumbled that the old building should be torn down to make a playground for an adjoining new school. Other Villagers made plain their dislike of "a special school for a bunch of juvenile delinquents." Muttered a beat-pounding cop "They ought to bring up a couple of drill instructors from Parris Island to teach them a few things."

In the "700s," which so far cover grades seven through ten, classes are small (a 1-to-12 teacher-pupil ratio), and the three Rs are fitted to the individual. Most important, the teachers (all volunteers) come mainly from the overcrowded "600" schools that have handled milder malcontents for a decade. There they learned when to shrug off misbehavior, when to stand firm.



TOUGH KIDS IN A NEW YORK CITY "700" SCHOOL
Weariness.

See Martin

To avoid street incidents, "700" boys arrive and leave slightly before children in nearby schools, are escorted to subways by a teacher, who pays for their rides out of public funds. Both schools require neat dress; the Brooklyn unit even insists on ties. In the classroom, the boys usually keep up a cocky, running banter with their teacher. But they can talk with the weariness of old age about their problems. "I'm a troublemaker," said one eighth grader. "I started everything that ever happened."

By week's end the "700" schools had enrolled 59 boys, eventually will build up to 150 each. As yet, no one knows for sure what will happen to the "700"

schools. Both buildings are clearly inadequate. The city is talking of building four new "700" schools for boys, and perhaps another for girls. But, in time, most school officials believe that new "700" schools would fill up just as the "600s" did, and the job of educating New York's problem pupils would be as knotty as ever. "Either we get enough money to run the schools the way the public and the law say," shrugs Assistant Superintendent Joseph C. Noehen; "or we end up running hospitals and institutions—not schools."

The New Physics Class

Since last fall, eight carefully selected public and private secondary schools* have been teaching a revolutionary physics course designed by M.I.T.'s prestigious Physical Science Study Committee. Last week, talking to meetings of scientists and educators around the nation, Committee Executive Director Dr. Elbert P. Little reported first results of the course. Said he: "The reaction has been so good that it scares us—we're almost afraid to believe it."

The new course stems from the conviction of such committee members as Nobel Prize winners I. I. Rabi and Edward Purcell that most high school physics texts and teaching techniques lag as much as half a century behind the times. Worse yet, physics is usually presented as a series of unrelated subjects, e.g., mechanics, heat, electricity. The committee's ambitious goal, a program that explores and relates such basics of modern physics



W. W. McNamee—The Washington Post

M.I.T.'S LITTLE (PROJECTING WAVE PATTERNS ON CEILING) & STUDENTS
Delight.

* The eight Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N.H.; Brown and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.; Taunton (Mass.) High School; Bronx High School of Science, New York City; The Hill School, Pottstown, Pa.; The George School, Bucks County, Pa.; Radnor High School, Wayne, Pa.; University High School, Urbana, Ill.



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Water Fight. Last summer the committee (backed in part by the National Science Foundation) called in some 100 physicists, science writers and high school teachers, turned out an integrated text supplemented by ingenious do-it-yourself equipment (*TIME*, July 20). Throughout, the committee tightly knit together its subject material: e.g., wave action is presented early in the course, is later used as a common denominator to connect such ostensibly different subjects as light, sound, atomic structure. Concentrating on basic principles, the course even treats as broad a subject as heat in its relationship to kinetic theory and to the conservation of energy.

When eight high school and prep school teachers who had worked on the course took it back to their classrooms for testing, the reaction was prompt and positive. Item: at Exeter, Physics Teacher Judson Cross hustled into the shower room one night to break up what sounded like a water fight, found the showers full on and his boys shouting with glee as they "stopped" drops in flight by peering through simple stroboscopes made in the course.

After some uncertain starts, pupils quickly adjusted to a program that relies on analysis rather than memory. By stressing principles rather than technology, the program attracts girls who would shun the normal, gadgetized course, also appeals to pupils with widely varying talents. At Taunton High School, pupils have cut short their lunch hours to get in extra work, are apt to hang around the labs long after everyone but the basketball team has quit for the day.

Capra & Galileo. When Dr. Little talks about the new course at nonparticipating schools, he is swamped with eager questions. But despite these reactions, the M.I.T. committee is still revising the basic text; this week will start making a \$2,000,000-plus series of 60 or more supplemental films for classroom showings. One film consultant, Hollywood Producer Frank (It Happened One Night) Capra. In addition, the committee is finishing a handbook for teachers, will soon start approving some 100 books for outside reading on such topics as nuclear reactors and Galileo.

To get this material into the nation's classrooms, the committee has set up an ambitious training program for high school teachers. This summer 250 teachers out of 1,500 applicants will spend six to eight weeks learning the course at five colleges and institutions around the country, get paid \$75 a week (plus travel money and \$15 a week for each dependent) by the National Science Foundation. By 1960, Committee Chairman Dr. Jerrold R. Zacharias hopes to have trained an army of 10,000 teachers able to bring modern physics to 600,000 pupils a year. The prospect is enough to make Dr. Zacharias chuckle: "I think the program should be classified, if the Russians find out, they will steal it from us."

Two for the Money

When the judges were through rechecking the entries, there was no question about their choices. Out of 25,019 high school contestants, the two top prizes in the annual Westinghouse Science Talent Search went last week to a pair of precocious seniors from Newton (Mass.) High School. For his \$21 cyclotron that can smash atoms, Reinier Beeuwkes III, 17, won the first prize, a \$7,500 scholarship. For his prop-driven flying platform, Yugoslav-born Dushan Mitrovich, 18, won the second prize, a \$6,000 scholarship.

Reinier, the son of the director of material research at the Watertown Arsenal, and Dushan, the son of an aeronautical



WINNERS MITROVICH & BEEUWKES
A dividend of topnotch teaching.

engineer with Avco Research Laboratories, are the latest products of the topnotch program of Dr. Albert E. Navez, head of the science department at Newton High School since 1949. Belgian-born Navez, 50, who is also Belgian consul in Boston, starts showing likely science prospects in junior high school. Says Teacher Navez of Reinier and Dushan: "To them, science is an adventure."

The Teacher & the Jackass

One day last fall Teacher Elsie May Peters walked into her junior high school classroom in Knoxville, Tenn., smelled an odd aroma and snapped: "What jackass turned on that gas?"

Last week, after a 41-day open hearing—in which she was defended by Lawyer Ray Jenkins (Army-McCarthy hearings)—Teacher Peters was cleared of any misconduct (and of the subsidiary charge of accepting trading stamps for good grades), told to use only language that was "characteristic of her profession."

Unexamined and unsolved was the central question. What jackass turned on that gas?

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TELEVISION & RADIO

Next Question, Please

Many fans of TV's third-degree interview shows (*The Mike Wallace Interview*, *Night Beat*) nurture the hope that they may one day see the victim turn on the inquisitor and cut him down to size. Last week it happened. In Manhattan, WABD's *Night Beat* filled its "hot seat" with Journalist Randolph Churchill, only son of Sir Winston. He listened politely to his introduction as a man who has been labeled "outspoken, ill-tempered and fearless." But when TV Torquemada John Wingate brought up the "unfortu-



Max Peter Hanz

VICTIM CHURCHILL

"I enjoyed it very much."

nate incident involving the arrest of your sister Sarah in California" (*Time*, Jan. 27), Churchill more than lived up to his billing.

"I never discuss matters affecting members of my family with total strangers," he erupted. "You sent some hired hack* of yours to see me this morning to discuss with me the topics you wished to discuss—you pretend it's all unrehearsed. This was not one of those he raised. I do not intend to discuss it with you. You are a total stranger to me and I suppose the few hundred people looking in at this small television station, which has not yet managed to get itself network, that they are most of them strangers to me and I have no intention of discussing it among them. Next question, please."

"Dirty People," Wingate tried to protest that Churchill was belittling the size of the show's audience (estimated 500,000), but Randolph rolled right on. "I

* "Paid hack" was the phrase that Britain's weekly *The People*, once used to describe Randolph Churchill, who sued for libel and collected \$5,000 (\$12,000 in damages (*Time*, Oct. 22, 1950).

wouldn't think of asking you about your sisters. I was warned. They said, 'Don't you trust them. They'll spring something dirty, mean, caddish on you.' I've not been disappointed by what my friends said."

"Who told you not to trust us?" demanded Wingate.

"I never reveal my sources of information," shot back Churchill. "I'm a journalist, not a television interviewer. One's only doing you a favor by coming. I mean, you're making a lot of money. Some dirty people who sell soap are making a lot of money out of it. I'm not getting a farthing out of it. Why the hell should I let myself be bullied around and kicked around by you? We [in England] do as we choose and we just don't take it bloody lying down. Your shame is on your own head, and I don't know what we're trying to sell. I didn't bother to look up what your sister has done or who your father was. I don't even know if you had a father or if you know who your father was."

Back to the Attack. Swallowing hard, Wingate obeyed a hurriedly scrawled note from one of the producers: "Don't lose your temper—let him carry it." He even managed to put some more questions. But when Churchill heard one asking him to explain his charge that Americans have "deteriorated in character," he returned to the attack. "Everybody wants to do the same thing, and they're frightened and bulldozed, even bullied, often by people like yourself. I mean I'm not frightened of you. Why the hell should I be? I mean I'm leaving the country tomorrow and I can get along very well without you."

At the end of the steamy half-hour, Wingate bravely bowed to TV protocol and said: "It's been very pleasant." Responded his guest: "I enjoyed it very much." As the WABD switchboard began to blaze mostly with anti-Churchill calls, Interrogator Wingate began to fume, next day talked threateningly of a libel suit. When reporters caught up with home-bound Randolph on shipboard in New York Harbor, they found him sleeping unperturbed.

Mr. Godfrey Yields

Elder Statesman Arthur Godfrey made it known last week that he has turned down two invitations to run for the U.S. Senate. He protected the identity of those who asked him to run and withheld whether he was to be a candidate from Virginia, where he lives, or for Senator-at-large. "As a Senator or Congressman," Godfrey explained to *TV Guide*, "I might be able to achieve something if I had enough time. But look—I'm almost 55 now, I don't know when the next elections are, but I'd be at least 56 or 57 then. And as a freshman Senator—heck, it takes any freshman Senator six years just to learn where the men's room is. I know I'd be most valuable in a committee

like Military Affairs, and I wouldn't be eligible for that for two or three terms."

The CBS star also ruled politics out of bounds for such interlopers as Defense Secretary Neil McElroy and his predecessor, Godfrey's former good friend Charlie Wilson. "As far as I'm concerned, professional politicians are the men who should be the leaders in Washington. This business of bringing in auto and soap manufacturers is darned foolish. They simply cannot know their way around the intricacies of Government . . . Since I've learned the intricacies of the Government, I spend as much time as possible briefing Senators and Congressmen about air power as I know it."

In giving up any idea of a political



Harb Dorfman

TORQUEMADA WINGATE

"It's been very pleasant."

career. Godfrey felt one consolation: "If I stay where I am, I can concern myself only with our country's survival." Out of concern for his own survival on TV, Godfrey has added a \$5,000-a-week give-away to his *Talent Scouts*.

Airing Opinion

U.S. TV and radio stations, long too timid to editorialize, are beginning to air their own opinions on public issues. At a broadcasters' conference sponsored in Baltimore last week by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, it was estimated that a third of the nation's stations have begun editorializing, mostly within the last six months. Items:

☛ San Francisco's KPIN pioneered a campaign for a rapid-transit system in the bay area, plugged it with helicopter shots of traffic jams, views of a comfortable, studio-built commuter-train interior, even halted radio time to catch the ear of harassed motorists.

☛ In Cincinnati, when local newspapers ignored a smear campaign against a Negro running for re-election to the city council, radio station WSAI raised its voice to



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TIME, MARCH 17, 1958

chastise both the whisperers and the silent press. The one-shot unscheduled broadcast did not put Candidate Theodore Berry back into office, reported a WSAI spokesman, but it brought more than 1,000 letters and phone calls, mostly approving and goaded the newspapers into a defense of their silence.

☛ In Miami, after airing 114 editorials on a newscast since last September, WTVJ happily watched the show's rating more than double. The editorials covered such subjects as obscene literature, pay TV, security at Cape Canaveral, WTVJ and many of its fellow-editorializers try to follow these rules: heat the press to the draw stick to local issues, curb negative blasting in favor of constructive suggestions.

You Are There

Although radio interviews with holdup victims are old hat, Victim Harry Ingersoll, 44, a San Antonio loan company owner, reluctantly set a precedent last week in the annals of crime broadcasting. He was interviewed by San Antonio's KITE while the robber still held a gun on him. KITE's Newsman Harry Van Slyke picked up a police alarm of a holdup at Ingersoll's office, rang up Ingersoll and turned on a tape recorder. At the scene of the crime, the young gunman ordered Ingersoll to answer the call and act natural.

O. Hello, hello! Do you have a holdup there?

A. (jittery): Yes, yes, one.

O. The police department has a call out, and I just wondered if there was anything you could give me . . .

A. He's right here now.

O. Oh, have you got him caught?

A. No, Nobody's here—the police or nothin'. He's just waiting for the rest of the money.

O. What's he look like?

A. I—Just a minute.

O. Is he still there?

A. Yeah.

O. (boring in). All right, now what's the situation?

A. Can't you get the police over here?

O. They're on the way. What does the man look like?

A. (softly, in terror). Well, he'll hear me.

O. Has he got a gun on anybody?

A. Yeah.

O. He's turned a gun on you?

A. (mumbling). Yeah.

O. Is he a tall man?

A. Yeah.

O. And is he asking for money—a specific amount?

A. No, anything he can get.

O. . . . And what is your name, sir?

A. (before hanging up). Ingersoll.

Within a seconds, Newshound Van Slyke had his hot tape on the air. KITE then wrapped up the story with another "on-the-spot report" when one of the station's own secretaries just happened along the street a few minutes later as cops collared the fleeing robber and his \$455 loot.

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THE PRESS

All About Mamie

At Arizona's Maine Chance health-and-beauty farm, where Mamie Eisenhower wound up a 14-day course this week, news of the First Lady was harder to come by than a banana split. But last week the staid *Oregon Journal* (circ. 180,021) cracked the security curtain with a closeup of Mamie that brought the outside world up to date on her weight (it's down), appearance (she "looked years younger") and morale (she missed Ike). Author of the *Journal's* gossip exclusive was a fellow



Joe Munroe

JOURNALIST JACKSON

Scoops are rarer than banana splits.

guest, Esmé Jackson, widow of longtime *Journal* Publisher Philip L. Jackson.

Newshen Jackson reported that Mamie "entered into the regime rather slowly after viewing the situation and screening the clients thoroughly," avoided the "more strenuous treatments." She did not let herself be coated with hot wax in the name of beauty treatment. Nevertheless, "all the strain and tension disappeared" at the end of the first week.

Added Reporter Jackson "She has a delicious sense of humor and laughs readily. We all became very good friends, possibly because we all wore the same costume—blue tank suit and white terry-cloth robe.

"Mrs. Eisenhower is not an outdoors woman. On her trim, shapely legs (if you'll pardon the expression) she wears very sheer dark stockings with her black dinner dresses. We found some low-calorie chocolates for her, and she couldn't have been more appreciative had we given her emeralds." Mamie became "homesick" for Ike one night when visiting Pianist Alec Templeton played *When You and I Were Young, Maggie*. Sighed Mamie: "That's his favorite song."

Silver-Lining the Slump

DECLINE HERE? DON'T BELIEVE IT! headlined the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* on Page One last week. Other newspapers from Seattle to Savannah were doing their unenvied best to bull their way through one of the nation's biggest—and most botched—running stories: the recession. Though more than 50,000 workers are out of jobs in Georgia's four largest cities, the *Atlanta Journal* has zealously kept the state's slump off the front page, and, until last week, even banned the word recession from the paper.

Since the severity of the recession varied widely from region to region, it was not a big local story for all newspapers. But in many of the cities where unemployment was heaviest, editors ranged uneasily from boosterism to ostrichism. In Los Angeles, where layoffs have idled nearly 6% of the work force, Hearst's *Herald & Express* whooped: ROSY L.A. ECONOMY SEEN. In Detroit, some of the big auto plant shutdowns have landed in the back pages. In New England, most publishers admit privately that they are worried about business conditions, but, says one news executive, "you'll never read a line of what they're saying in their own papers."

Buried Statistics. Determined not to see the clouds for the silver lining, many editors are solicitously pumping up buoyant bulletins on building permits, bank deposits, airline travel, and other statistics that are normally buried on the business page. Scripps-Howard's *Memphis Press-Scimitar* last week ran a glowing story on expansion plans for a local Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. plant—without mentioning that 2,600 of its 3,600 employees have been laid off. In Atlanta, the *Journal* suppressed the news of a layoff of 2,000 Lockheed Aircraft workers last fall until it could report that the factory had found other jobs for some of them. The paper drew criticism from Federal Reserve officials for another story cramming a pack of upbeat department-store sales statistics into the lead while burying other sales figures that outweighed the rosy first paragraph.

By contrast, some newspapers handled the story with candor and imagination. Just as Democrats in Washington peddled hard for political mileage, it was Democratic dailies generally (but not exclusively) that gave the recession the biggest play. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Louisville *Courier-Journal* and Chattanooga *Times* were quick to tell readers how the slump was affecting community and family life, personal budgets, taxes, jobs. Marshall Field's Chicago *Sun-Times* ran a human-interest series on the steel-mill layoffs at Gary, Ind. (and in a story on employment agencies last week unearthed the fact that first-rate secretaries are still hard to find).

Since the recession, many dailies have been playing up Sylvia Porter's sharp-

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witted, clearly written daily column on economics. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* has added two topical syndicated columns: "You and Your Job" and "Family Finance." A five-part recession roundup filed by the Associated Press last week was used by most papers—including many that maintain there is no recession. Though it had yet to focus on human angles of the slump in its own backyard, the encyclopedic New York *Times* reached across the world to report repercussions of U.S. economic pangs.

Pocketbook Optimism. Some newsmen—who as a group are not famed for sunny dispositions—admit frankly that their sudden preoccupation with cheer radiates from the pocketbook. "We don't want to scare our advertisers to death," says Editor Joseph E. Lambright of the Savannah morning *News*, which last month reported that downtown sales were off 10%, next day ran an advertiser-pressured "clarification" explaining that the slump was caused by the suburban growth. Last week the Nashville *Tennessean* was pointedly warned by advertisers that its alert coverage of the recession was "bad for business." Newspaper front offices have reason to be sensitive to these arguments: while circulation has held steady, U.S. advertising income slipped 6.4% in January from the 1957 level for that month.

The advertiser's theory is that news of

Boat Sales Belie Recession, Luxury Dollars in Sharp Rise

Boston Herald

Who Says Unemployment?

R.I. Promotion Jobs Still Open

Providence Bulletin

Millions to Prop. Up Economy

PROPOSE BIG HOUSING PLANS

Chicago Daily News

NO REAL DEPRESSION SEEN

Business Pessimists Lashed

Charlotte Observer

Recession? 'Our Stand Is Sound'

Detritic Free Press

Economy Sound, Says CC Leader

Miami Herald

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John Critic—The New York Times

HOSTESSES MARTIN & HAYES WITH GUEST ATKINSON
Even a critic has a mother.

the recession stirs up even more caution and uncertainty in consumers. But newspapers that tailor the news to this formula help neither the economy nor themselves. Says *Templeton* Editor Coleman A. Harwell, "How can we pretend there's no unemployment when people are talking about it? If we pretend, we look stupid."

Blowout for Brooks

"Who ever heard," exclaimed Playwright Moss Hart, "of theater folk giving a party for a critic?" Last week, nonetheless, Broadway's brightest luminaries took over Sardi's with the sole unprecedented aim of honoring one of the enemy: the New York Times's gentle, erudite Brooks Atkinson, 63, dean of U.S. drama critics. Said Co-Sponsor Paula Strasberg, wife of Actors' Studio Boss Lee Strasberg, "It was a party given with love, to let Brooks know what theater people think of him."

The loveliest came as a complete surprise to Atkinson, an inveterate party-dodger, who was lured to the restaurant by his author-wife, Oriana. The "sentimental works," as *Variety* called it, included a citation from Actors Equity, encomiums from such absent admirers as William Saroyan and Clifford Odets, and a letter in which choleric Irish playwright Sean O'Casey grew moist-eyed over Critic Atkinson's "splendid defense" of the theater "throughout the times of many great events, alarms, sennets and disputes."

"On the Level." For Atkinson, Marilyn Monroe arrived on time. Helen Hayes gave the critic a huge silver tray inscribed with the names of all 150 guests, some of whom had not spoken to each other for years. Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz composed a song for the occasion ("A critic has a mother. Just like anybody else"). Mary Martin sang *I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy* with Composer Richard Rodgers at the piano. Oscar Hammerstein II was master of ceremonies. In their boss's honor, *Times* drama staffers replated the Sunday theater section for a limited edition with every story

on the page about Atkinson and carrying his name in the headline. Shy Critic Atkinson was even moved to make the evening's shortest (two minutes) and only unheeded speech. Said he: "I have tried to be on the level."

Last week's blowout was all the more remarkable for the fact that, in a career of aisle-sitting that began 33 years ago, Justin Brooks Atkinson has made few acquaintances in the theater for fear of compromising his integrity. (He met Katharine Cornell and Thornton Wilder for the first time at his party.) A demanding but undogmatic critic, Massachusetts-born, Harvard-educated ('17) Atkinson writes his views in pencil in a neat hand on a ruled yellow pad. Against one of journalism's toughest deadlines—he usually has barely an hour to catch an edition after the first-night curtain falls—he sends his polished copy through in one-paragraph "takes." When a review is finished, he reads the proof but seldom changes a word.

Groundless Fears. Brooks Atkinson is also one of the few U.S. theater critics who earned a byline as a topnight newsmen. After a ten-month tour as the *Times*'s Moscow correspondent in 1945, Atkinson won a Pulitzer Prize for his clear-focused reporting on conditions inside Russia. During World War II, he persuaded the *Times* to send him off as a war correspondent, spent two rugged years leaping the war in China, Burma and India.

While most critics become crabbiest with age, Veteran Atkinson seems to some theatergoers to have mellowed. After the *Times* covered the Sardi's party in its theater-review format under the headline FOR (NOT BY) BROOKS ATKINSON, some readers wondered how he could bring himself to rap another play. Their fears proved groundless. That night Critic Atkinson left the opening performance of Norman Krasna's *Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?* (see THEATER), strode two blocks to the *Times* and neatly scribbled a panning review.



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Splitting the Alsops

After twelve years as joint political columnists, Brothers Joseph and Stewart Alsop announced this week that their double-domed partnership will end March 31. Reason for the split: the *Saturday Evening Post* has offered Stewart Alsop 43, a newly created job that "I cannot refuse." As the *Saturday Post's* contributing editor for national affairs, Stewart will still be based in Washington, but will travel widely on stories in the U.S. and abroad.

Brother Joe, 47, who has been the team's Paris-based roving reporter for the past year (*TIME*, July 8), will keep turning out the four-day-a-week Alsop column for the New York Herald Tribune Syndicate, which sells it to 200 U.S. and foreign papers. He plans to write it from Washington five or six months a year and hire an assistant to write at least one capital column a week while he makes short forays into other world news centers. The



STEWART & JOSEPH ALSOP

"We were a minor Greek chorus."

column, he cracked, will now "get all of one Alsop instead of halves of two."

While the brothers have always given half their time to magazine articles, explained Joe, Stewart "increasingly prefers it, and I increasingly loathe it." Added the elder Alsop, who returned to the U.S. last week after writing a penetrating series of columns on Britain's "let's-stop-the-H-bomb" mood: "It's a great wrench. We just had a family reunion, and there were floods of tears, diluted with champagne." To *Herald Tribune* Publisher Ogden R. ("Brownie") Reid, he wrote: "I feel a little bit as though we were a species of minor Greek chorus, which was separating just as the drama approached some sort of climax. But I agree with Stew that his own career has to come ahead of the interest of being a Greek chorus."

As a one-man chorus, Joe will keep the doom-crying column's accent on tragedy. In leaving his brother with the gloomy mission, Stewart presented Joe last week with the original of a recent *New Yorker* cartoon showing two bearded zealots, one bearing a sign reading THE END OF THE WORLD IS COMING! and saying earnestly to the other, "Have you noticed they're not laughing at us any more?"

TIME, MARCH 17, 1958

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**"On a picnic in
Puerto Rico, I discovered
a new kind of rum,"**

*says Leonard Woods Bughman
of Ligonier, Pennsylvania*

"Two things surprised me about Puerto Rico," says Leonard Bughman. "The climate—and the *rum*."

"I had never tasted anything like Puerto Rican rum before. It is startlingly dry. Clear. Like the Caribbean itself—fresh and full of sunlight."

"The picture illustrates the climate. Those are *Paso Fino* horses. A remarkable breed with a gait so smooth that you can carry a rum Collins in the saddle and not spill a drop."

▶ *Len Bughman lunches high among the Alps of the Caribbean. "It's amazing how many of my friends are now serving rum—and planning their own picnics in Puerto Rico," says Mr. Bughman.*



SCIENCE

Seeing-Eye Computer

Computers are muscling in on humans in more ways than one. Only a few years ago they were still simple-minded beasts that could understand nothing but predestined figures. Later they acquired senses of a sort: they could feel changes of temperature, hear musical tones, recognize differences of light and shade. But they could not see as humans see. A primrose by the river's brim—or even a picture of one—meant nothing to a computer.

Last week the National Bureau of Standards told how it is teaching its SEAC (Standards Electronic Automatic Computer) to see. First step was to give SEAC a photocell and a simple device that enables it to scan a photograph and store it in its memory as 30,000 bits (yes or no units) of information. When the picture is wanted again, it can be recalled and displayed on an oscilloscope as 30,000 light or dark squares. In this case SEAC does nothing with the picture except to memorize it.

But the bureau has high hopes for SEAC, step by step, like a once-blind person learning to see, the computer is learning to recognize patterns. It can count dark or light objects in a photograph, measure the area of each and report how many are bigger than a specified size. It is not fooled by such complicated shapes as spirals or circles, and it ignores such distractions as specks or dirt. It can recognize printed letters and numbers, and the bureau hopes that soon it will identify diagrams, chemical formulas, etc.

When SEAC has gained enough experience, the bureau hopes that it will do many important seeing jobs faster and better than humans can. One project is to make it produce contour maps from air photographs. It will do such monotonous

jobs 24 hours a day without getting tired or bored. Human factors will have little effect on the seeing-eye computer. It may even learn in time to search through a rogues' gallery and pick out a single face. It will judge by the stable features and will not be misled by beards, scars or other embellishments.

Homing on the Moon

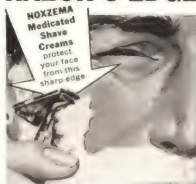
Projected traffic to the moon is getting heavy. Latest notion for a moon vehicle is the Aerobee M, which Aerojet-General Corp. has just thought up, using available hardware. If given priorities and \$30 million, Aerojet says it can hit the moon in less than a year.

According to *Aviation Week*, the Aerobee M solves the propulsion problem with five stages of solid-fuel rockets, starting with a cluster of four Aerojet Seniors, which were developed for the Navy's Polaris missile. The initial guidance problem is not solved at all. Instead of attempting the extremely difficult feat of steering the vehicle accurately during its quick spurt through the earth's atmosphere, Aerojet proposes to fire it from a launcher pointed in the general direction of the spot in space where it is expected to meet the moon.

This rough aiming is not good enough, either to hit the moon or to orbit around it. So toward the end of the journey a scanning device will pick up the moon's sunlit face, fix its position, and an artificial brain will figure out what to do next. It can light a small steering rocket to correct the course. If a landing on the moon is scheduled, a backward-acting retrorocket can be fired to reduce speed and impact. A different use of the two control rockets will make the vehicle orbit around the moon to report the scenery on its unknown far side.

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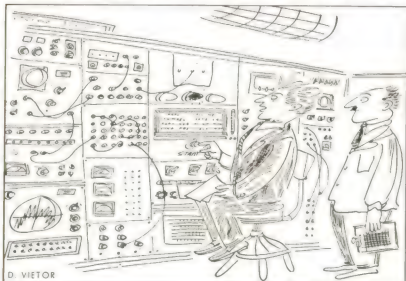
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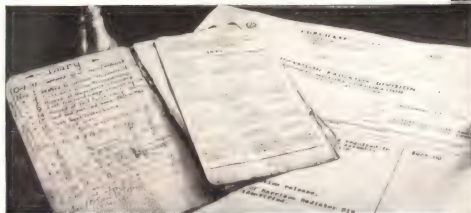


"WE'VE LEFT THIS BRAIN IDLE TOO LONG, SIR. IT'S TRYING TO WRITE A NOVEL."

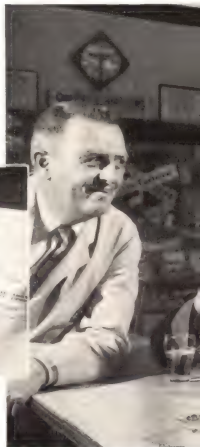
Courtesy of Look Magazine

Portland, Michigan's

-a GI story with a GM twist



AMERICAN HISTORY—WALT SPRAGUE STYLE—From prisoner of war to boss of his own business, thanks greatly to his first orders from Oldsmobile and Harrison Radiator Divisions of General Motors.



MEET WALT SPRAGUE out in his little town of Portland, Michigan, today—and you'll meet a happy man.

For Walt's the boss of his own show—the Danby Manufacturing Company, out near the old branch-line depot. He's got himself a fine family, Peg and the two youngsters. Plus a brand-new house and car.

And, as we'll quickly show you, Walt's happiness is the spreading kind. For he pours some quarter of a million dollars of payroll money into Portland pockets.

The GI Chapter

It all started in a World War II prison camp. Walt vowed—if he

ever got out and back to the States—he'd have no more bosses—he was going to run his own business his way.

So when Walt got back home, he and his dad opened up a small metal stamping plant in their farm's small barn—had the business going so well after three years they decided to start looking round for some out-of-town accounts. One of their new accounts was General Motors' Oldsmobile Division.

The GM Chapter

Oldsmobile liked the way Walt's outfit turned out the tiny clips that fasten brake fluid pipes to the car frame. Increased their orders—

even recommended Walt's quality production to Harrison Radiator Division of GM.

Result: today the two GM Divisions, Oldsmobile and Harrison, make up about a third of what has become nearly a million dollar annual business.

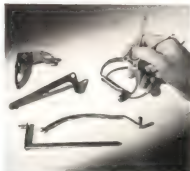
An offbeat story? Not a bit of it. Like many other folks and firms in every state, Walt, his fellow workers and their company have shared in GM's success by filling GM's needs with competitively priced quality products delivered on time. Probably your friends, your town, or your part of the country are also sharing in this success.

Happy Fellow

HAPPY FELLOW'S HAPPY FAMILY—Portland, Michigan's Mayor Fred Meade (l.)—the town druggist—gets some unofficial Danby Manufacturing Company business from Walt Sprague (r.), Mrs. Walt and little Susan and Dave, Walt is President of the company which supplies stampings to General Motors.



DAD AND DOGS—Walt's dad, Bill Sprague, in the little homemade trailer truck he built to tote their first orders—on the farm where they started the business.



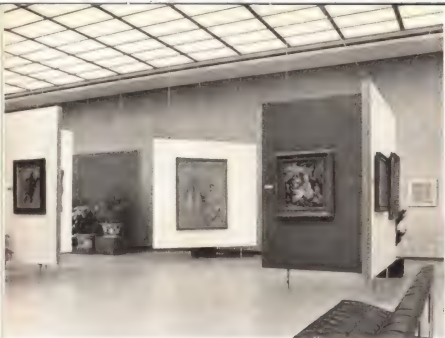
LITTLE PARTS THAT COUNT—Some of the stampings turned out by Danby Manufacturing for GM and other customers—parts that have helped make Danby a big success.



Michigan Small Business and General Motors

Almost 50% of every GM sales dollar goes to outside suppliers. Of the 26,000 companies from coast to coast supplying GM Divisions with goods and services—more than 6,000 are in GM's home state of Michigan. Of these, more than 4,500 are small firms, employing less than 100 persons—which, in total, have received as much as \$50 million dollars in a year from GM.

GENERAL MOTORS—*Good people to work for—Good people to deal with*



CLEVELAND MUSEUM GALLERY WITH PICASSO (CENTER), RENOIR (RIGHT)

ART

Jingle

After 41 paintings by 83-year-old Sir Winston Churchill (*TIME*, Feb. 10) opened to a celebrity-studded throng of 1,100 at Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum last week, a jingle gyrated through art and café circles:

*Winston paints good
Like Eisenhower should.*

Cleveland to the Front

The Cleveland Museum of Art, long acknowledged a gem of tasteful beauty in its tree-shaded setting overlooking a lagoon, last week opened a \$8,000,000 wing that more than doubled its size. The wing was hung with a raft of surprise acquisitions that clearly put Cleveland close behind the U.S.'s Big Three (New York's Metropolitan, Washington's National Gallery, Boston's Fine Arts). On hand to celebrate Cleveland's happy advance were collectors, art dealers and museum directors from as far away as Korea.

Lucky in Angels. In matters of art, Cleveland has been lucky in its millionaires: three big trust funds finance the museum. But far and away the kindest angel for the new wing was Leonard Colton Hanna Jr., nephew of famed President-Maker Marcus Alonzo ("Mark") Hanna, and big stockholder in M. A. Hanna Co. (iron ore, coal, lake shipping, steel), who died last October at 67. Bachelor Hanna became an art collector soon after graduating from Yale ('13), early keyed his private purchases to the museum's future needs. Over the years Hanna gave the museum 1,075 pieces, ranging from furniture, textiles and glass to such prime paintings as El Greco's *Christ on*

the Cross with Landscape, Degas' *Frieze of Dancers*, Gauguin's Tahitian-period *The Call*, Picasso's *La Vie*.

When in 1954 it became clear to Director William M. Milliken, 68, that the museum was rapidly outgrowing its Grecian-style building, Leonard Hanna agreed to put up nearly \$4,000,000 for a new wing—if the sum could be matched by private subscription. To Director Milliken's delight, more money than was needed came rolling in. Closing the museum for eleven months, the trustees added a U-shaped wing in red and grey granite, enclosing a landscaped sculpture court and pool. But the real novelty is the wing's intimate, informal interior. The corps of guards has been cut down (and an inconspicuous system of 33 slowly pivoting closed-circuit TV cameras substituted). Said Boston Director Perry Rathbone: "It reminded us of the atmosphere of a private collection. It gives us all something to shoot for."

Final Fillip. To maintain the museum and help keep art flowing into Cleveland at a rate of about \$1,000,000 worth a year, Hanna willed the museum \$20 million in gilt-edged securities. And as a final fillip, last week the museum exhibited the 35 paintings Donor Hanna bequeathed from his own, never exhibited collection. Among them: Manet's *Berthe Morisot*, Renoir's *The Apple Seller*, and a late Van Gogh entitled *Mademoiselle Ravoux*—worth altogether more than \$1,500,000.

For his part in all this, Benefactor Hanna wanted no fuss made, forhade naming the new wing or even any gallery for him. Said he, shortly before he died: "I've just done my share. Persons who gave \$5 and \$10 have done as much in proportion."

EDGING AWAY FROM ABSTRACTION

By tradition, artists slog painfully through a conventional academic training, then belligerently break the rules to arrive at a more expressive, personal style. This week Manhattan's Pindexter Gallery shows the work of a painter who reversed the procedure. Brought up in the new academy of abstraction, where anything goes, California's Richard Diebenkorn painstakingly traced his steps back from abstraction through nature to man as art's subject.

Rangy ex-Marine Diebenkorn, 35, is a Berkeley painter whose style was formed by the influence of Abstractionists Clyfford Still, David Park and Mark Rothko at San Francisco's California School of Fine Arts. Hardly pausing for a representational phase, Diebenkorn plunged into landscapes that became increasingly poetic and abstract. At 26 he rated a one-man show at San Francisco's California Palace of the Legion of Honor, was soon recognized as one of the West Coast's top abstract painters. But in November 1955 Diebenkorn abruptly decided that in abstraction he had come to the end of the road.

"I was encumbered with style and too concerned with style," he says. "There were a good many things I wanted to say—to talk about—that a more strict style prevented. My painting was too inbred. Representation was a challenge I hadn't had before."

What Diebenkorn soon discovered was that "representation represents a fantastic clutter of possibilities filled with booby traps and corn fields"—*is*, the trite and sentimental. But his abstract period served him well in his new endeavor, providing an overall pattern and a primary color palette. His more realistic work can thus be easily appreciated by abstract painters who still find in it the "bliss, severe orientation of shape" they have long admired in his abstractions. The main difference is in mood. His abstractions recalled sunlit, freshly green California hills. San Francisco Bay and the Pacific; his representations introduce man as a somber, lonely figure, and hark back to an early admiration for such realist painters as Edward Hopper (*TIME*, Dec. 24, 1956).

The significance of Diebenkorn's recent work^o is that it points a way for other younger painters to combine the surface richness and excitement discovered through abstraction with a recognizable subject matter. As Diebenkorn sees the problem: "Bad non-representational painting isn't very bad. But representational painting can be so damned bad and so terrible that, perhaps, it can be

^o Some of his paintings will be included in the exhibit of American painters under 45 to be held in the U.S. Pavilion at next month's Brussels World's Fair.



"WOMAN AND WINDOW" by Richard Diebenkorn is a sketch of his wife developed to give "feeling of nostalgia."



"JULY" shows result of Diebenkorn's repeated reworking of canvas to gain desired effect, in this case one of "outside heat."

"SEA WALL" showing slice of California seacoast is done in style Diebenkorn used in his earlier abstract landscapes. He now considers it "backsliding."





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Make no mistake: The '58 *Power Giant* you choose—V-8 or Six—is much more than a new truck. It's a new kind of truck . . . and it's *priced to be yours!* May we prove it to you? Just visit your Dodge dealer for a convincing test drive . . . and get his special Dodge Truck 40th-Anniversary deal!

DODGE *PowerGiants*

that much better." His past three years' work, on view in Manhattan, is evidently "that much better." In the first three days alone, 20 of his 26 oils were sold at prices from \$300 to \$1,800.

Mrs. Jackson Pollock

One day in 1938, when abstract expressionism was a skinny creature starving in cold-water flats, a New York gallery invited three promising American artists to fill out a show of Picasso, Matisse and Braque. Elated at the opportunity, the woman member of the trio set out curiously to track down the other two. The first was Willem de Kooning, the second an artist with an unfamiliar name who lived just a block away from her Greenwich Village studio. "I lunged right over," she remembers, "and when I saw his paintings I almost died. They howled me over. Then I met him, and that was it." In the years that followed, the pair made art history; one with commotion—Jackson Pollock; the other with devotion—Lee Krasner, who became his wife.

This week, in Rome's spacious National Gallery of Modern Art, a show of the work of bearded, tormented Jackson Pollock is still creating a commotion, though he has been dead for a year and a half. But even as the dead artist scores abroad, Manhattan is getting an exciting look (in the Martha Jackson Gallery) at seventeen oils painted by Lee Krasner after her husband's death.

Blue-eyed Lee Krasner, 49, was born in Brooklyn, got an academic training (Cooper Union, National Academy of Design) went on to study with Painter Hans Hofmann, who still cherishes her as "one of the best students I ever had." After she married the tempestuous Pollock, Lee became first of all a wife; she withdrew into the background, managed her husband's affairs, boosted his ego, heralded his triumphs. Hofmann recalls that "she gave in all the time. She was very feminine." The childless Pollocks bought a house in East Hampton, L.I., and he made the barn into his studio. But Lee had her own studio in the house and never stopped painting. Says she: "I respected and understood his painting as he did mine. There was never any cause for rivalry." In 1954 Pollock began to drink more and more, paint less and less. On Aug. 11, 1956, zooming along a Long Island highway, he smashed his convertible into an embankment and died.

"These are special paintings to me," says Lee Krasner of her current show. "They come from a very trying time, a time of life and death." The canvases are huge—up to 17 ft. long—and show somber blacks and greys on white, shades of fuchsia and ochre in thinly applied paint. The designs are utterly abstract: looping, recurring spirals and disturbed, bulbous forms. They have haunting titles: e.g., *Visitation*, *Listen*. They mostly seem to express death-haunted themes that, Lee Krasner says, make it "hard enough for me just to accept my own paintings." But they also strike a lonely note of hope: one of them is entitled *Birth*.



MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

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MUSIC

Culture for Export

The balance of cultural trade between the U.S. and Europe is tipping in the U.S.'s favor. In the winter months the famed European soloists still keep coming to the U.S. But in spring and summer, U.S. performers by the hundreds—most of them native-born, some adopted—take off on a music trail that may lead not only to Europe's capitals but to the Belgian Congo and the rim of the Arctic Circle. This summer offers two special magnets for U.S. attractions: the Brussels World's Fair (highlights: the American Ballet Theater, the Philadelphia Orchestra, Louis Armstrong) and Italy's Festival of Two Worlds, organized by Gian Carlo Menotti

Max Roach Quintet, Lionel Hampton Orchestra, Woody Herman Band.

Pop Singers: Paul Anka, Harry Belafonte, Al Hibbler, Johnnie Ray, Sarah Vaughan.

Some of the U.S.'s touring artists will be supported by State Department or private funds. But many of them are going simply because a worldwide audience is ready and waiting to buy tickets.

"O Vecchio Tom!"

It's a long way from Canterbury to Rome, but an Italian composer has undertaken the cultural journey with fascinating results. Milan's La Scala last week staged a new opera by Ildebrando Pizzetti, based on T. S. Eliot's great verse play,



SCENE FROM PIZZETTI'S "MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL"
From Canterbury to Rome and Back.

Wagner Music

(three new ballets by Choreographer Jerome Robbins, a new production of Verdi's *Macbeth* conducted by the Met's Thomas Schippers). At many other festivals and in countless solo appearances around the world, the U.S. will display an impressive roster of artists. Among them:

Singers: Sopranos Lucine Amara, Mary Curtis-Verna, Gloria Davy, Leontyne Price, Eleanor Steber; Mezzo-Sopranos Nan Merriman and Regina Resnik; Contralto Jean Madeira; Tenors David Lloyd, Jan Peerce; Richard Tucker; Baritone George London, Robert McFerrin and William Warfield.

Pianists: Jacques Abram, Gary Graffman, Eugene Istomin, Lillian Kalik, Rudolf Serkin, Ruth Slenczynska.

Violinists: Yehudi Menuhin, Nathan Milstein, Erica Morini, Michael Rabin, Ruggiero Ricci, Isaac Stern, Roman Totenberg.

Chamber-Music Groups: Fine Arts, Juilliard and La Salle Quartets.

Harpichordists: Ralph Kirkpatrick, Sylvia Marlowe.

Conductors: Dimitri Mitropoulos, Fritz Reiner, Izler Solomon Leopold Stokowski, George Szell.

Jazz Groups: Dave Brubeck Quartet,

Murder in the Cathedral. Italian title: *Assassino nella Cattedrale*.

The perils of Pizzetti's journey were sizable. Eliot's spare verse and restrained, lugubrious lyricism simply could not be conveyed by the flowery, irrepressible Italian idiom. Thus "a sour spring, a parched summer, an empty harvest" sang out as "m'accri primavera, in'estate bruciata, ed un autunno sterile." The chilling wall of "Clear the air! Clean the sky!" came to sound like a line from a Verdi libretto: "*Chiariti l'aria! Ripulite il cielo!*"

But in his music, Composer-Librettist Pizzetti could be more faithful to Eliot than in words. Resisting the tempting opulence of much Italian religious music, Pizzetti went back past the Renaissance toward the medieval simplicity of Gregorian chant. Sometimes the music evoked Bach, sometimes such unsentimental modernists as Hindemith and Honegger. Musical highlights: the four separate orchestral colors for the four Tempters, who try to turn old Tom Becket ("*O vecchio Tom*") from God; the rhapsodic setting of Becket's great Christmas sermon; the palpitating, polyphonic patterns during Becket's murder.

For half a century Composer Pizzetti, 77, has been a kind of also-ran in European music, turning out eight operas, numerous songs, chamber and orchestral pieces that were always skilled, rarely inspired. With *Murder in the Cathedral*, he finally moved into a bigger league. After La Scala's brilliant production (with Basso Nicola Rossi-Lemeni as Becket), Composer Pizzetti received a cable: "I am proud to be the author of the work that inspired you." It was from *vecchio* Tom Eliot himself.

Flagstad at 62

For four years Wagnerian Soprano Kirsten Flagstad has given only charity concerts, insists that she is a "private person." But her voice is more public than ever—on records. After it became known in 1954 that (with her consent) His Master's Voice sound engineers had called on Soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf to dub in two high Cs that Flagstad was unable to hit in *Tristan and Isolde*, Flagstad could not be lured before a microphone for nearly two years. But since then she has signed up with London Records, made 23 L.P.s, including a complete *Götterdämmerung*, lieder by Richard Strauss, Schubert, Schumann, Hugo Wolf. The latest, an excellent third act of *Die Walküre*.

Her voice has lost remarkably little of its magnificent luster, still has a meltingly eloquent sensuousness and superb dramatic projection. Widowed (since 1940) Soprano Flagstad was recently appointed director of the new Norwegian Opera, will be the only woman running a major opera house in Europe. "It is not natural to be singing at my age," she says, "but then I am not losing my voice. I just sing and sing, and it keeps me young."

Premières

Before he decided to be a full-time composer at 27, Walter Piston worked as a draftsman for the old Boston Elevated Railway (he helped draw plans for an "articulated streetcar") and studied painting. His painting teacher advised him: "Don't be afraid to make a poor one." Since then, unafraid Composer Piston, now 64, has turned out a steady flow of works, none of them poor, most (including a 1948 Pulitzer-prize-winning *Third Symphony*) concise, witty, technically brilliant. Last week the Boston Symphony Orchestra performed the latest Piston, *Concerto for Viola and Orchestra*, to warm applause. As played by the Boston's first-rate Violist Joseph de Pasquale, the concerto unfolded as a simple, strongly exuberant piece with clear orchestral coloration and precise balance. In its climactic third movement there was plenty of agitation, some gay syncope, and an enticing dialogue between the solo viola and the orchestra. All in all, another reason to be grateful that Walter Piston got off that streetcar and turned to composing.

Some other new works performed last week:

French Composer Henry Barraud's *Third Symphony*, played on the same program with Piston. It proved to be a craggy piece that achieved its emotional

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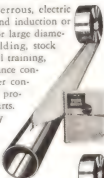
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impact through a series of sharp contrasts. The music was by turn slow, dense, lyrical, harsh, full of sharp emotional edges. Composer Barraud got a polite hearing but sent his audience delving into their programs in search of the unifying idea the music seemed to lack.

Q Peter Mennin's *Piano Concerto*, performed in Manhattan by the Cleveland Orchestra, which commissioned the work, along with eight others, to celebrate its 40th anniversary. The work by 34-year-old Juilliard Teacher Mennin was driving, gusty, brilliantly animated, but it often seemed more like an exercise in pure virtuosity than a statement of musical intent.

Q Spanish Composer Joaquin Rodrigo's *Fantasia para Gentilhombre*, performed by the San Francisco Symphony under Spanish Conductor Enrique Jordá, with famed Spanish Guitarist Andrés Segovia as soloist. Said blind Joaquin Rodrigo, 55, Spain's No. 1 contemporary composer: "I was afraid to compose a work for so great a guitarist." Replied Segovia: "I was afraid to perform it." After the low Spanish bows were over, soloist and orchestra set to work, unveiled an appealing, fastidious, slightly melancholy piece whose dance rhythms gave Segovia's guitar a chance to enliven the audience.

Lennie's Kindergarten

"Here comes Superman! . . . He hears the whistle . . . Listen to that snoring . . . There's the kazoo . . . Bop! . . . He grabs his friend . . . and they're off!"

This, to hear Conductor Leonard Bernstein tell it, is what might be happening at a climactic moment during Richard Strauss's *Don Quixote*. Bernstein hawled this analysis from the podium at one of his current New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts. His point: music does not need verbal meanings assigned to it, and *Don Quixote* could as well be about Superman as about the "silly old man" on a "skinny, bony old horse."

This comic-strip exercise in esthetics is typical of the way Bernstein this season

made the old Young People's series a bracing, fact-filled musical kindergarten for young and old. He wrote his own scripts for four televised, hour-long concerts (the last is due next month), using much the same technique as in the *Omnibus* music-appreciation series (*TIME*, Feb. 4, 1957). Teacher Bernstein combined, in equal parts, his musical knowledge, charm, eloquence and ham.

To-ko-ta. For last week's program on "What Does Orchestration Mean?" Bernstein arrived at Carnegie Hall at 5:45 a.m., with his finished script to rehearse until the performance started at noon. During the concert, bouncy, boyish-looking Lecturer Bernstein roamed the stage with a microphone stuck in his jacket, sometimes sat down at the piano to dash off a musical example. Only occasionally did he indulge in cuteness, as when he spoke of "Grandfather Bassoon" and "Little Sister Piccolo," or explained that orchestration is like "putting clothes on notes."

He had his audience "orchestrate" with him—buzz to simulate loud strings, sing "tick, tick, tick" for a woodwind sound and "ta-ka-ta" for the brasses. "Oo," he commented "seemed to me sort of bluish. When we sang 'ta-ka-ta' it seemed like a fiery orange." With a flick of the wrist in mid-sentence, he would bring in the 107-man New York Philharmonic to illustrate his points, rapidly skipping from Mozart to Stravinsky to Hindemith. The finale: a rousing performance of Ravel's *Bolero*, part of which he compared to "very high class hootchy-kootchy music."

Soy Please. His eight-to-14 audience, says Bernstein, is far more mature than he expected. "They come to the music fresh without any of the prejudices older people have." Bernstein's favorite among his listeners is the small boy who watched open-mouthed as the conductor chanted "I want it. I want it. I want it," in imitation of a phrase in Tchaikovsky. Finally, the boy turned to his mother and said in a brassy voice: "If he wants it that bad, why doesn't he say 'please'?"

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RELIGION

Long Island's Poltergeist

That there may be something diabolical, or at any rate evil, in them I do not deny, but, on the other hand, it is also possible that there may be natural forces involved which are so far as little known to us as the latent forces of electricity were known to the Greeks.

So wrote the late Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., on his favorite subject: poltergeists. Through the ages, poltergeists (German for noisy ghosts) have been known to plague mankind by breaking crockery, shifting furniture, shattering

From then on the Herrmanns and their house had little peace. Among other things, bottles shattered in the bathroom, a sugar bowl flew across the room, a geography globe hurtled through the hall, a portable phonograph dented the woodwork, and a bookcase containing a 25-volume encyclopedia with an overall weight of some 75 lbs. turned upside down. Detective Joseph Tozzi of the Nassau County police accumulated a briefcase full of notes but no solution. A technical specialist from Brookhaven National Laboratory, Robert E. Zider, went to Seaford with a dowsing rod and a theory that water beneath the Herrmanns'



THE HAUNTED HERRMANNS
Spirits? Magnetism? Jimmy?

Nino Leon—LIFE

windows, and indulging in various bumpings, bangings and bitings not, apparently, to be traced to any natural agency. Many of them have persecuted clergymen, as in the case of Methodism's founder, John Wesley, who was an interested observer of knockings, rappings and agitated warming pans at Epworth Rectory in 1716-17. Last week a modern poltergeist seemed to be loose in a pious Roman Catholic household at Seaford, N.Y. Skeptics, of course, said it was not a geist at all, polter or otherwise, but their alternative theories lacked concrete evidence.

Enter Detective. James M. Herrmann, 42, an airline representative, lives with his wife, daughter and twelve-year-old son, Jimmy, in a white-trimmed green ranch house. One day in February his wife called him at the office, "All the bottles in the house," she announced excitedly, "are blowing their tops!" Six screw-top bottles (containing nail polish remover, peroxide, rubbing alcohol, liquid starch, bleach and holy water) located in four different rooms, had opened and spilled.

house was unsettling things with a freak magnetic field. From Duke University came Dr. J. Gaither Pratt, psychologist and expert on extrasensory perception.

Psychologist Pratt had a calming effect on the poltergeist—or perhaps on young Jimmy. For Jimmy had been present at most of the mysterious happenings and, as Dr. Pratt pointed out, poltergeist phenomena are commonly associated with adolescents. At any rate, no sooner had Dr. Pratt returned to Duke when back came the poltergeist.

Exorcism Next. When the family called in Father William McLeod of nearby St. William the Abbot Church, he sprinkled holy water in each of the Herrmanns' six rooms. "O heavenly Father, Almighty God," he prayed, "we humbly beseech thee to bless and sanctify this house . . . and may the angels of thy light dwell within the walls . . ."

Last week a newspaperman claimed he saw a flashbulb rise slowly from a table and bounce against the wall twelve feet away. A few minutes later a bleach bottle jumped out of its cardboard container



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and popped its cap; four sharp knocks were heard on the kitchen wall; a glass centerpiece jumped from the dining-room table to a cupboard, and a heavy bookcase in the basement tipped over and crashed to the floor.

Father McLeod applied to his bishop for permission to try exorcism.

Flying Missionary

When Bill Jackson was not up in his C-47 last week, he was busy 1) watching bulldozers break ground for Tokyo's first English-speaking Baptist church, and 2) organizing an all-out evangelical campaign, "the biggest single effort in the history of Baptist foreign missions," Texas-born William Henry Jackson Jr.,



PILOT-PASTOR JACKSON

From a happy landing, a lively mission.

missionary and active reserve officer in the U.S. Air Force, is planning his \$200,000 church with all the U.S. trimmings—kitchens, dining hall, classrooms. As rotating pastors, he hopes to get "big Baptist churchmen" from the U.S. As for his choir, he needs "at least 500 voices. We've got to liven things up, hit them hard."

Barrage on Asahigawa. Hard-hitting Missionary-Pilot Jackson is no novice at church-building. His first big Japanese assignment (in 1953) was to set up a Baptist church in Asahigawa (pop. 171,835) on Hokkaido. Usual procedure in a new territory is to start a Bible class, gradually work for a church. Instead, impatient Captain Jackson and his pretty wife began with a long advertising barrage, organized Japanese pastors to line up officials and businessmen. After a week-long series of revival meetings, the church was launched. The average Baptist missionary church in Japan takes five years

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to stand on its own feet, but it was only a year before the Asahigawa church was self-supporting, with 167 members and a fulltime Japanese pastor.

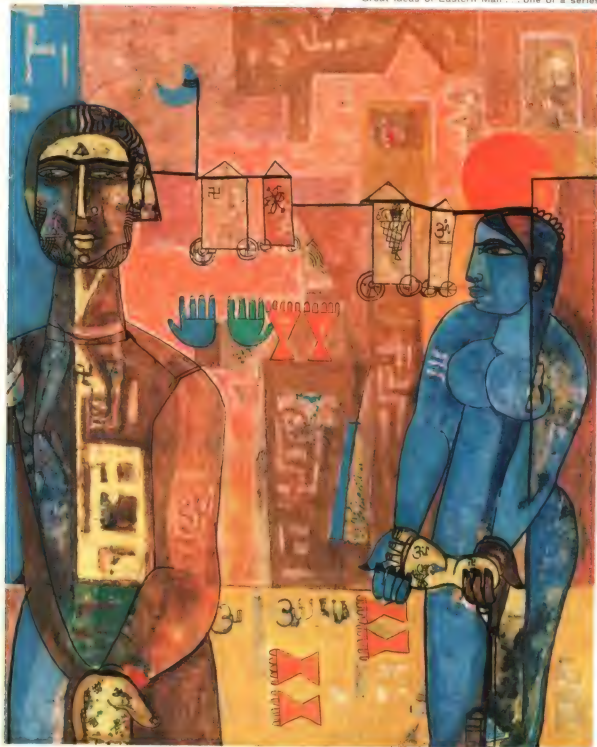
Church Builder Jackson was a pilot before he was a preacher, and one flying incident over New Guinea during World War II had a lot to do with his entering the ministry. One engine in his P-38 quit and he had to try for a forced landing on a tiny strip between foothills and ocean. His plan: to hit the strip so hard that the nose wheel would break and thus stop the plane quickly. The nose wheel "refused to snap for some reason or other," but Jackson managed to stop the plane anyway. "I got out and then my heart almost stopped. Under my wings were two big bombs: I had forgotten all about them. If that nose wheel had snapped, the bombs would have gone off. That was when I thought that the good Lord was watching over me."

The Best of Everything. Pilot Jackson got his divinity degree at Fort Worth's Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in 1931, was assigned to Japan, spent two years learning the language. Last fall a group of U.S. military people, calling themselves the Southern Baptist Military Fellowship, asked Jackson to help them organize an English-speaking Baptist church in Tokyo. The Jacksonian result: a whirlwind of preaching, fund-raising and organizing, topped by ground-breaking ceremonies with a brass band from the U.S.A.F.'s 41st Air Division. For the full-scale Tokyo revival Jackson is organizing along with the new church, he plans to spend \$200,000 in advertising and to round up big-name speakers, including Billy Graham. "We want the best of everything on this program," says Missionary Jackson. "After all, it's the biggest city in the world, and the Lord deserves the best."

Salvation by Incantation

The biggest threat to Protestantism today is Fundamentalism and popular evangelism, according to Charles Clayton Morrison, retired editor of the *Christian Century*. "What a travesty of the Christian faith this idolatry of a book called the Bible has been," he writes in the current *Century*, "[as well as] the false representation of what the Bible says. How can one understand what the Bible says without knowledge of what the Bible is?"

"The repetitious emphasis upon the exceeding sinfulness of man and the exceedingly simple way of enjoying the forgiveness of God by registering one's repentance in the signing of a card—this would be like playing a child's game if it were not done under such solemn pretension . . . The glib promise made over and over again that one thus receives the forgiveness of his sins and will go to heaven" discredits Christianity in the eyes of discerning men and women. . . . Its success in winning thousands by the incantation of an uninterpreted formula must be measured against the vaster number who have been perplexed and even alienated from Christianity by this perversion of it."



Artist: Mohan B. Samant

On Leaders and Followers

What the wise choose the unwise people take;
what best men do the multitude will follow.

(Bhagavad-Gita, Book III)

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FLEETSIDE PICKUPS

loading height, high-capacity box and sturdy tailgate design. With your costs and schedule time in mind, consider Chevy's hustling, gas-saving Thriftmaster 6, standard in all Task-Force pickups. Short-stroke V8's are optional at extra cost.

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MEDICINE

Peggy

A slim book by an angry mother won a victory last week over French medical bureaucracy. In 1952 Micheline Vernhes, wife of a Casablanca industrialist, took her five-year-old daughter Peggy to Paris' Hôpital Trousseau. Doctors recommended this public hospital, rather than a more comfortable private clinic, because of better lab facilities in treating Peggy's nearly hopeless case of rheumatic fever.

From the start, Hôpital Trousseau "looked sinister"; the head nurse seemed like a heartless virago. Peggy was not



PATIENT PEGGY
Hospitals can be horrifying.

allowed her "pretty, rose nightdress," instead got "a veritable sack." Under regulations barring money and jewels, she could not even keep her religious medal. "Pay for eight days," said the cashier. "If she doesn't last that long, you'll get the extra money back." On return visits, Micheline Vernhes had to wait outside the gates, often in the rain; Peggy sobbed hysterically each time her mother had to leave her alone after the brief visiting hours. After eight days, Micheline Vernhes could stand it no longer, took Peggy home to die.

All this she recalled in her bitter, 156-page book entitled simply *Peggy*, published last month and already a runaway bestseller in France. One reader deeply moved by the book was Dr. Xavier Leclainche, boss of public assistance for Paris. He called in Author Vernhes for a talk, issued swift orders. At his seven children's hospitals, parents may henceforth stay round the clock at the bedside of any patient near death. The youngsters may keep such items as lockets and crosses, and their own clothes. Parents may be present before and after all opera-

tions, and there will be waiting rooms. Dr. Leclainche will even try a hostess service, modeled on the job of an airplane stewardess, to ease the ordeal of parents and children.

Flu: Second Round

Asian flu faced U.S. disease detectives with a puzzle last week. The nation's big-city health departments were noting an upsurge in deaths due to influenza and pneumonia (meaning, mostly, pneumonia as influenza's aftermath). In Dallas the rate was 150% above normal, in New York City 85% and Chicago 75%. Yet, unlike last fall, there was no reported increase in absenteeism from work. Probable answer: the present wave is hitting mostly older people who no longer work, are particularly vulnerable to flu and pneumonia.

In their determination to find out everything worth knowing about the mysterious mutant A strain of virus, researchers had other flu postscripts:

¶ Some unvaccinated oldsters are immune to Asian flu—if they had flu in the pandemic of 1889-91. Antibodies still found in their blood show that the old and new viruses were antigenically similar.

¶ Though usually a mild disease, Asian flu can kill rapidly, without intervening pneumonia. Paradoxically, this occurs most often among young adults. One hospitalized Briton, 30, had no fever, told the house physician he "felt fine," then died within a few minutes. There has been a handful of such cases in the U.S.

¶ Where there are massive flu outbreaks there are also countless infections too mild to be detected but effective in giving immunity. Fragmentary U.S. studies confirm the experience in Hong Kong, where four out of five people had nothing worse than the sniffles, but most of them later showed protective antibodies.

Jews & Alcohol

Do Jews really drink less than other people? And if so, why? The Yale Center of Alcohol Studies last week offered some answers.

Jews may drink as much or more, but they seem to number fewer alcoholics. Of the three major U.S. religious groups, Jews have the fewest teetotalers: 13%, as compared to 21% of Roman Catholics and 41% of Protestants. Regular drinking (three or more times a week) is reported by 23% of Jews, 27% of Catholics and 13% of Protestants. But when it comes to alcoholism, Jews are virtually out of the picture. First admissions (1929-31) per 100,000 of "alcoholic psychotics" in New York state hospitals: Irish, 25.6; Scandinavian, 7.8; Italian, 4.8; English, 4.3; German, 3.8; Jewish, 0.5.

Powerful Sanctions. What causes the difference? One theory, notes Yale Sociology Professor Charles R. Snyder in *Alcohol and the Jews* (Free Press, Yale Center of Alcohol Studies; \$5), was advanced by Philosopher Immanuel Kant: he thought that Jews clung to moderation

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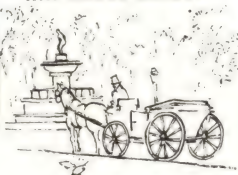
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for fear of incurring censure from the society surrounding them. A more convincing theory, Snyder believes, is the Jewish emphasis on food, "so that 'compulsive' eating is more likely to be selected as a means of alleviating psychic tensions [than] addictive drinking." He cites one psychological study showing that Jewish mothers' anxiety about their children's eating often causes the Jewish child to remain an infant, "so far as taking food is concerned, much later than other children."

The most important factor, Snyder suggests, is not how much Jews drink but how. From the eighth day of his life, when he is circumcised, the Orthodox Jewish boy is surrounded by religious ceremonies (Redemption of the First-born, Bar Mitzvah) that involve the drinking of wine. In addition to holy days, each Sabbath brings three Orthodox rituals involving wine. Excess is avoided because "drinking thus occurs in the presence of the most powerful sanctions in Orthodox Jewish life." If so, does drunkenness increase among Jews as they leave the Orthodox faith? Snyder's statistics indicate that there is a slight trend in this direction, particularly when Jews are exposed to strong Gentile influence.

Shikker Is a Goy. The Yale researchers found many a Jew who stoutly denied having been brought up to believe that Jews are more temperate than Gentiles. Yet many could be prompted into remembering the old Yiddish song, *Shikker Is a Goy* (Drunken Is a Gentile). Translation:

The Gentile goes into the saloon, the saloon

And drinks there a small glass of wine;

he tosses it off—his glass of wine.

Oh—the Gentile is a drunkard—a

drunkard he is,

Drink he must,

Because he is a Gentile . . .

The Jew hurries into the place of prayer;

An evening prayer, a short benediction

he says, and a prayer for his dead.

For—the Jew is a sober man—sober

he is . . .

Pray he must,

Because he is a Jew.

How Big Was Your Tumor?

Physicians and surgeons are supposedly trained in accurate measurements, but in Indianapolis hospital records Dr. Frederic W. Taylor found these descriptions of excised tumors:

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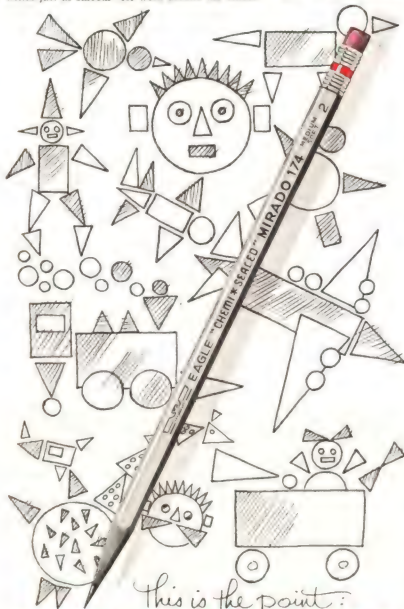
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THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With? (by Norman Krasna) concerns a Columbia chemistry professor whose wife catches him kissing a girl student and at once starts packing for Reno. A would-be helpful pal of the culprit cooks up the explanation that the kiss was part of the professor's job as an FBI man. This quickly makes matters worse, for though the wife is mollified, the FBI gets wind of the story. Wheels start to turn, wires begin to cross, and the plot



HAYES, WALSTON & HEALY
 Gagged to the windpipe.

not only thickens but broadens and lengthens as well.

For not quite half the evening, the play—though always gagged to the windpipe—has its fair share of laughs. It has them, in a way, because the situation is so insanely silly: knowing he can never make his premise hold water, playwright Krasna (*Dear Ruth, John Loves Mary*) gets his fun out of the way it leaks. The laughs come also because Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, and most particularly Ray Walston make a nimble trio as the husband, the wife and the fixer: while Rouben Ter-Arutunian provides a sequence of ingenious sets.

But hilarity in *Who Was That Lady*, begins at home, and ends there. Once the FBI gets involved, the fun that is meant to snowball proceeds to melt. The silliness—instead of turning cartwheels, drags a leg; the gas cheapen, the situations crumble. Acute FBI-tis sets in; then comes that death rattle of farce, when the play is in infinitely worse trouble than the characters. For all its earlier bonniness, *Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?* eventually seems as long-drawn-out as its title, and pretty nearly as old hat.

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The power of a few words in print

How one idea created jobs for thousands

ALTHOUGH he died at 23, Eddie Axrod's life really began the day he heard his death sentence. He was 13—and sufficiently mature, his doctor believed, to know the truth about his hopelessly damaged heart. Ten years later, his life was over, for he couldn't conquer his disease. But he did live long enough to develop an idea which brought new independence to disabled people throughout the world.

With money he earned while still in his teens, he established a factory for training handicapped workers. And before his time ran out, he helped to found a unique and spectacularly successful civic group: the Committee on Handicapped Placement of the Miami Chamber of Commerce, now headed by his father, Leo.

In June, 1953, five years after Eddie's death, Reader's Digest published an article about him.

"Who could imagine that this magazine would reach so many people in a position to help?" Leo Axrod asks.

"Upwards of 200 U. S. senior chambers of commerce launched handicap placement programs after the Digest told them about ours. Latin American communities followed suit. Then 4,000 international junior chambers became interested. So did associations and employers in every state."

No wonder Eddie's story inspired so much action. When illness robbed him of a boy's normal activities, he discovered compensating gifts: a lively sense of design, a flair for the mechanical, a talent for getting things done. He began by making little novelties which his father sold to dime stores, and this small



business became the family's chief source of income.

Although his physicians had told him to remain at home, in a wheel chair, Eddie had no time for such confinement. He entered Miami's Technical High School—and conducted a small furniture repair business on the side. This netted him enough to marry, to open his factory, and to put his plan into operation.

He designed machinery and developed special techniques for his handicapped employees. And as soon as a worker gained a skill, Eddie found a job for him elsewhere—because he believed that wherever one handicapped person works, opportunities are soon given to others.

Eddie's theory proved itself repeatedly and widely after people read his story in the Digest.

"With the help of your article," Leo Axlord said, "my late son started a miraculous chain reaction among employers throughout the world, which created thousands—perhaps millions—of jobs."



What caused so many employers to act?

Like any other, this miracle was compounded of hope and compassion. What the Digest accomplished was to set these human forces into motion—on a large scale—as the printed word so often does.

Words enjoy an unparalleled opportunity to do their job in Reader's Digest—because this magazine is read by more people, picked up and read more often, than any other.

A recent study has shown that the average Digest reader doesn't just skim through his copy and pass it along. He reads it on at least five different days. Multi-

plied by the Digest's 32 million readers, this gives every page—and every advertising message—168 million opportunities to be seen, to be read, and to be remembered.

Why do so many people read this one publication, and turn to it so often? Because people have faith in Reader's Digest—the kind of faith that leads to action.

That is why so many businessmen have discovered that the Digest is an ideal vehicle for advertising, too.

What "repeated exposures" mean to advertisers

A coupon is a tough test—not only for an advertisement, but for the magazine that carries it. Last February, the "Live Better—Electrically" program offered an idea book to Digest readers—a book which had already been widely distributed throughout the country.

Nevertheless, in just five weeks, the coupon produced more than 65 thousand returns. And at the end of three months, they still flooded in at the rate of a thousand a week.

But that is only part of the story: New trade interest was stimulated as well, leading to the distribution of thousands of additional copies of the book.

Mr. R. E. Boian, manager of the "Live Better—Electrically" program says this:

"We believe this return helps to substantiate your point that repeated exposures to an issue of the Digest produce additional important values for the advertiser.

"The faith with which people read the Digest must have significance for all advertisers."

WHY ADVERTISERS INVESTED 52.2% MORE IN THE DIGEST IN 1957

- Over 11,500,000 copies are bought every month in the U. S. The Digest's circulation is larger than that of the next two magazines combined.
- A single issue reaches over 32 million Americans—and nearly 17 million of them are not reached by either of the

next two top magazines.*

- Compared with other leading magazines, the Digest gives more as much circulation for every advertising dollar you spend.

*Readership data from "A Study of Seven Publications" by Alfred P. H. Research Inc. For your copy write to Reader's Digest, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

People have faith in

Reader's Digest

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Over 11,500,000 copies bought monthly



Photo by Jon Abbot

You can put this new Cyanamid plastic in boiling water!

Now, for the first time, a rigid thermoplastic material is available that withstands boiling water. No longer will you need to worry about plastic products softening and "warping" out of shape in hot water—if they are made of CYMAC® methylstyrene plastics, developed by Cyanamid research.

Products molded of CYMAC, such as the housewares

items and utensils shown here, can also be washed in automatic dishwashers without distortion. Available in all colors, odorless, tasteless and unaffected by sub-zero temperatures, CYMAC will make possible a great variety of new and improved plastic products. This is another example of how Cyanamid research is working to bring you better products at lower costs.

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IN THE BACKSTRETCH: SILKY SULLIVAN (FAR RIGHT) LAGS BY 17 LENGTHS

SPORT

Out of Bunyan by Runyon

From the moment he trotted onto the track, Silky Sullivan must have known he was on the spot. California horseplayers knew what the implausible chestnut could do. They had seen him before, loafing while a fast field stole a 40-length lead, then blazing into the stretch—and a narrow victory—as though his tail were on fire. Could he do it again? This was the \$130,500 Santa Anita Derby, and Silky was up against nine swift three-year-olds including Old Pueblo, the last one to beat him. If he lost this time, people might suspect he was a horse after all.

For months they had suspected that he was something more. "I've seen the act in vaudeville," said awed ex-Vaudevillian Charley Foy. "It's two guys on roller skates." Chimed in a breed-improver named George Jessel: "His name isn't Sullivan at all. He's Silky Solomon. I knew him in Philadelphia."

Good Doer. No sooner had the ten-horse field settled into its stride at Santa Anita last week than Silky's strongest boosters began to worry about his form. Their favorite was only 28 lengths behind the leaders—for him that was hot pursuit. Maybe he was burning himself out early. But Silky had plenty in reserve. When the field carried wide on the stretch turn, he wove and darted toward the rail with the sure-footed skill of an All-American half-back. Silky shot under the wire a widening three lengths in front of his stablemate, Harcall. Said Harcall's jockey, Bill Boland: "He ran by me so fast, he darn near sucked me under."

Satisfied at last that Silky was a legitimate sensation, the form followers were still trying to figure out how he did it. With his breeding he should not have the staying power to finish a mile-and-a-half-long derby with a sprint. His sire, the Irish-bred Sullivan, seldom lasted more than a mile; his dam, Lady N Silks, also seemed mere horseflesh. With his build, Silky hardly looks like a thoroughbred at all. He has heavy jaws, the neck of a Percheron and the broad chest of a Turkish wrestler. He clops solidly up to the starting gate as if he were there only to pull it into position. Indeed, Silky is a horse out of Bunyan by Runyon.

At the oat pail, Silky is what stablemen call a "good doer." He eats like a horse. But the feed never turns to fat; it only stokes Silky's fires. He burns it up according to the dictates of his own four-footed psyche; his jockey is only along for the ride. He breaks from the gate like



AT THE FINISH: SILKY SULLIVAN WINS SANTA ANITA DERBY BY 3 1/2 LENGTHS
Two guys on roller skates.

a common sprinter, races 70 yds., then lags as if his safety valve had popped. Wags in the press box contend that he is a ham who hates to leave the grandstand. And it is a heart-stopping fact to bettors that he begins to run again only when he rounds the stretch turn and heads for the crowd again. Says Co-Owner Tom Ross: "I swear, he counts the house."

Bad Risk. Silky's only stubborn detractors are the early-morning clockers, the stop-watch specialists who have heard him come back from a workout wheezing like an equine asthmatic. Silky's outraged owners brush off such canards. They admit no more than that their horse is a "roarer," i.e., an animal who clears his ears, nose and throat with a sound like a bull alligator with his tail caught in a trap. They have other health prob-

lems on their minds. Each of the two owners is a cardiac case.

For men of such delicate health to own Silky is a little like a hay-fever sufferer working in a florist shop. Silky may make it to the winner's circle, but after seeing him run, there is a live possibility that his owners may not. Gentle Tom Ross tries to avoid the danger by hiding under the grandstand rather than watching. His partner, Phil Klipstein, is even more practical. Last week he tried to sell Silky for an offered \$400,000. But Ross demurred. And now, neither man is sorry. Come the first Saturday in May, California's pride and pocketbook will be riding into the Kentucky Derby on their colt, an Irish bully-boy like his namesake John L., who is sure he can lick any horse in the house.

Champion (Balding) Bird

The professional basketball season still had a few games to go last week when the Detroit Pistons' George ("The Bird") Yardley broke one of the brightest records in the game. Helping the Pistons beat the Minneapolis Lakers, 132-110, the Bird tossed in 40 points, pushed his year's total to a record 1,953. Watching him while he did it was the old titleholder: George Mikan, 33, the great Minneapolis center who held the seven-year-old mark of 1,932. By week's end Yardley had raised his record to 1,975.

The Bird's closest competitors for scoring honors this season, Syracuse's Dolph Schayes, 1,755; St. Louis' Bob Pettit, 1,644; and Cincinnati's Clyde Lovellette, 1,593. Next to those graceful giants, balding, knob-kneed bony-shouldered George Yardley, 29, is an improbable-looking champion indeed. When he puts on his basketball uniform he looks like an absent-minded scientist who left home without his trousers. The illusion ends when the game starts. Then the Bird's loose, court-covering lope, his deft shoes, his imperturbable balance in under-the-basket brawls, all blend into a 6-ft.-5-in., 195-lb. paragon of pro basketball.

Yardley is a graduate aeronautical engi-



Peter Marock

DETROIT'S YARDLEY
By roughness to a record.

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distilled in 15 countries
and served around the world

"The world agrees on 'GILBEY'S, please!'"

GILBEY'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 90 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINCINNATI, O. DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.



near whose basketball career began when he sandwiched practice sessions between trips to the lab at Stanford (class of '50). He shone as a member of the Stanford varsity, but he really learned the game, he says, when he got out of school and joined the A.A.U.'s high-pressure "amateur" league.

Roundball among the amateurs was every bit as rugged as it is among the pros. Now as then, the rougher the game, the better Yardley likes it. He says that he scores best when a guard is climbing all over him: "When a guy is on top of you, you know where he is. You can watch the basket." Yardley has driven the Pistons to a place in the National Basketball Association championship playoffs. All their opponents know that if bothering Yardley makes him dangerous, leaving him free to shoot might turn him into—well, a man who would set a record that nobody could hope to break.

Scoreboard

¶ After totting up attendance figures for U.S. spectator sports, Triangle Publications (*Morning Telegraph*, *Daily Racing Form*) raced to report that horse parks, with 53,820,958 customers, led all other competitors for the sportsman's spare time. Second: baseball, with 32,512,503 (despite a drop of more than 1,000,000 in minor-league attendance). Third: football, with the colleges and pros playing to a combined 16,767,613.

¶ As Madison Square Garden's 1958 track season ended, Manhattan College's Joe Soprano, a 21-year-old senior who had never won a big race, strained home inches in front of St. John's Pete Close to win a fast (2:10.3) 1,000-yd. run. Bates's Rudy Smith supplied another surprise with a fine 1:10.6 for the 600, and Eastern Michigan's Hayes Jones skimmed the 60-yd. high hurdles in a meet record 7.1 sec.

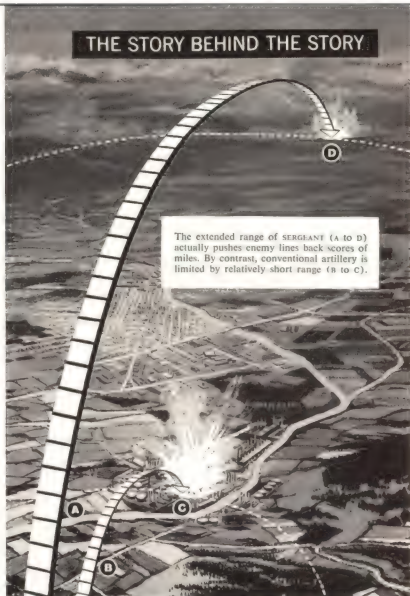
¶ From the Glen Cove, N.Y. hospital where a car crash landed him with a broken neck (*TIME*, Feb. 10) came an encouraging bulletin on Dodger Catcher Roy Campanella. Still paralyzed from the waist down, Roy has improved in "muscle strength," and "he is now able to move his wrists and straighten out his arms. The sense of feeling . . . is now down to the upper abdomen."

¶ Retired American League Umpire Emmet ("Red") Ormsby, 62, was understandably surprised to read in James T. (*Studs Lonigan*) Farrell's book, *My Baseball Diary*, that "Red Ormsby was found broke and dead in a cheap hotel." Not only is Red's health good, but he has been thriving for years. He is both a lecturer and an employee of Chicago's Liquor License Appeal Commission. (Typical lecture topic: "Kill the Umpire.") By killing the umpire prematurely, he charged, Farrell would cost him countless lecture bookings. Ormsby slapped him with a \$250,000 suit for damages.

¶ In Sydney, young (15) John Konrads, who breaks swimming records almost every time he gets wet (*TIME*, March 3), broke his own 2:20-yd. and 200-meter world records with a new time of 2 min. 3.2 sec.



In recent successful test shot, SERGEANT soars into sky. A ballistic guided missile, SERGEANT is guided for precision flight to target. New guidance system cannot be detected in operation.



The extended range of SERGEANT (A to D) actually pushes enemy lines back scores of miles. By contrast, conventional artillery is limited by relatively short range (B to C).

NEW SERGEANT MISSILE WILL GIVE U.S. ARMY GREATER STRIKING POWER

Development of the new SERGEANT ballistic guided missile is a timely reminder that our nation's security requires accurate, highly mobile tactical weapons for ground defense as well as the more spectacular intercontinental missiles so much in the news. In limited or global war, our frontline troops need the support of such a weapon to crush an aggressor's attack long before he comes within the limited range of present artillery.

The SERGEANT missile is the answer... a ready-to-go solid propellant weapon with the ability to carry a nuclear warhead, a truly important contribution to

the security and retaliatory power of our ground forces. In defense, the powerful SERGEANT will furnish U. S. Army commanders with mobile firepower that will be ready in minutes to strike at any attacking force. On offense, this highly accurate weapon can join tactical air units in destroying enemy fortifications.

The SERGEANT is being developed by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory of the California Institute of Technology for the Army. In preparation for production, Sperry has been working with JPL since the beginning stages of design and development. Complete production of the

weapon system will be carried out by Sperry's Surface Armament Division.

Sperry's many contributions to the U. S. missile program, ranging from complete missiles to major sub-systems such as radars, automatic inertial guidance systems, electronic countermeasures, and automatic missile checkout systems, account for its selection as system manager for the production of SERGEANT.

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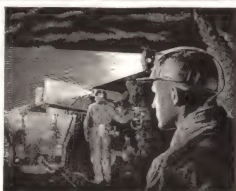


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servants. Use of electricity in homes has grown *fold* since 1931, but the average light bill has barely doubled. Better living, electrically, is one of the great bargains brought you by the power companies who are McGraw-Edison's customers.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Counterpunches

Before the White House announced its anti-recession program last week (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the Federal Reserve Board aimed another and more familiar counterpunch at the recession. For the third time in four months, FRB cut the discount rate. Reserve banks in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Atlanta reduced the rate from $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ to $2\frac{1}{8}\%$. Most of the other eight central reserve banks will soon follow; the cuts are expected to

LABOR

Family Quarrel

It looked like a holiday. In their Sabbath best, 57,000 ladies' dressmakers poured from their cubicle workrooms one day* last week and onto the pavement of twelve mid-Manhattan blocks along and around Seventh Avenue, the throbbing heart of the New York City garment trade that produces 72% of all U.S. dresses. Babbling happily in the accents of Poland, Puerto Rico, Italy and Brooklyn, they marched half a mile up Eighth

Massachusetts to Delaware. In all, 105,000 workers walked out of 2,286 shops. Retailers howled. Although most shops have 80% or 85% of their Easter clothes in stock, many were caught short of supply, and no one will be able to reorder if a popular line sells out.

Dave Dubinsky's powerful (455,000 members, \$225 million in shrewdly invested assets) I.L.G.W.U. wanted a 15% boost in dressmakers' wages (Manhattan average: \$2.10 an hour). It would be the first hike since 1953. Manufacturers, crying recession, offered 5%.

The biggest reason for the strike went much deeper than wages and was much harder to settle. It was, as one weary I.L.G.W.U. official said, that "we have just become too cozy with management." The top rulers in the union and management are old cronies. Together, they had streamed from the Eastern European ghettos to the garment district sweatshops 40 years ago; together they still play gin rummy by summer and bask on the Miami beaches on vacations in winter. And together they fixed the wage scales. When a maker brought out a new dress, a joint management-union conclave decided what share of the wholesale price would go to the union's pieceworkers for cutting and sewing it.

They were so cozy that they grew soft about enforcing their agreements. Management protested that Old Warhorse Dubinsky had signed substandard contracts, with nonunion shops out of New York to organize them, thus made it tough for Manhattan manufacturers to compete. Dubinsky hotly denied it. His union countercharged that a group of fly-by-night dressmakers were chiseling on union contracts. They farmed work out to non-union shops in violation of their contract, paid subcontract wages, welshed on union benefit payments, kept several sets of books. To fight back, Dubinsky demanded that union and management stiffen their policing of contract abuses, slap automatic fines on chiselers. Management said that the present loose policing methods are good enough. Furthermore, the union was not always an aggressive policeman. When the I.L.G.W.U. nabbed a chiseler, it sometimes let him off easy for fear that he would fold. On the policing dispute, the contract talks collapsed.

\$33 Million in the Chest. The union figured it could hold out a long time. It has a \$33 million strike war chest, which, as Columnist Murray Kempton quipped, "is rather like the Chase Manhattan Bank going on strike." But management was hemmed in. Unless settlement came soon, the shops would be unable to start their summer-dress deliveries as planned on April 1, and their fall showings would be late. Said Adolph Klein, spokesman for 32 high-priced fashion houses: "We just don't know if there will be a summer line if the strike lasts another week or two."

At week's end New York's Democratic



UNION BOSS DUBINSKY ADDRESSING GARMENT STRIKERS
They just became too cozy with management.

United Press

lead to lower interest rates to boost loans and business expansion.

There was little doubt that businessmen were holding back. For the first time in almost three years, the total of loans outstanding in New York City banks fell below the year-ago level. One reason for businessmen's caution was that a fresh batch of Government statistics showed somewhat more gloom than cheer. Manufacturers' sales for January dropped by \$400 million, new orders slumped by \$900 million, and order backlogs dipped by \$1.6 billion—the 13th straight monthly decline. Manufacturers' production went down even faster than sales. Result: inventories were cut \$600 million in January vs. \$300 million the month before.

On the bright side, department-store sales hit hard by mid-February snowstorms, bounced back in the week ending March 1 to rise 1% above the same week last year. And in the last eight days of February new-car sales jumped 27% above the rate at mid-month.

Consumers had plenty of money, but they were saving rather than spending it. Savings were up 10% over last year.

Avenue to Madison Square Garden. There, cherubic Union Boss Dave Dubinsky, his arms windmilling from atop a prizefight ring, officially proclaimed the garment industry's first general strike since 1933.

This strike bore no resemblance to earlier ones. Gone were the days, from 1909 to 1933, when dress workers staged ten of the bloodiest strikes in New York history to organize the industry. In the late 1920s and early 1930s strikers and shop owners had fought in the streets with shivs and saved-off pool cues. Knife-wielding Communists ripped and clubbed workers in a vain attempt to run them into a Red-led splinter group. But in 1932, Dubinsky moved up to the presidency of the parent garment union, the International Ladies' Garment Workers, forced out the Communists, rallied the divided unionists, won concessions from management and steered labor into calm waters.

Ghetts to Gin Rummy. Last week's peaceful strike tied up the industry from

* Coincidentally, on the eve of the day Jewish festival of Purim, widely celebrated in the garment trade.

TIME CLOCK

Mayor Wagner named two mediators who are highly regarded by both sides: former Democratic Senator Herbert Lehman and Harry Uviller, impartial chairman of the dress industry. After their appointment, agreement was promptly reached this week on wages (a package increase of about 12%), leaving only the last details of contract enforcement to be worked out. Said Management Spokesman Nat Boris-kin "We in the garment industry are one big happy family. Myself, I'm a happily married man, but even my wife and I have a few words every now and then."

GOVERNMENT

Free-Trade Victory

Free-traders won a victory last week that brought happy news to Japanese makers of stainless-steel flatware (TIME, March 3). Though the Japanese captured a big chunk of the U.S. market last year, President Eisenhower rejected a Tariff Commission recommendation for sharp duty boosts that would have raised prices of the Japanese ware in the U.S. by an average 35%, might have kept it out entirely. Instead, the President accepted Japan's promise to hold exports to the U.S. this year to the 1956 level of 5.9 million dozen pieces (v. 7.5 million dozen in 1957). But he warned that he will ask the commission to report on the Japanese performance at the end of the year.

From a big Los Angeles maker of ceramic dinnerware, also confronted by rising Japanese imports that took over a big piece of the U.S. market in 1957, came a refreshing tactic last week. Instead of protesting to the Tariff Commission, Gladding, McLean & Co. (annual sales: \$35 million) made a deal with two of Japan's biggest producers—Nippon Toki and Toyo Toki—to become sole U.S. distributors of their products. Gladding, McLean will market the Japanese dishes at prices slightly below its own products.

Erased Write-Off

After a six-month suspension of the controversial fast tax write-off program, the Office of Defense Mobilization reopened it last week. The program is much smaller than before, applies only to production of new items and research for the armed forces or the Atomic Energy Commission. Virtually eliminated are write-offs for expansion of such defense items as B-52 bombers; out completely are such onetime participants as railroads, airlines, utilities and the merchant marine.

When the program was devised during the Korean war to spur defense construction, companies in almost every industry were permitted to deduct about 60% of expansion costs from taxable income in only five years instead of the usual 30. Defense facilities totaling \$38.2 billion were given the break, and the result was a tremendous boost to the postwar economy

1959 CHEVY will be radically redesigned. Scrapping plans for a face-lift, General Motors has kicked off a crash program of retooling to make cars larger and restyle its rear. To trim remodeling costs, G.M. will build all its future cars (except Cadillac) around one basic body shell instead of the three used now.

CORPORATE PROFITS rose 1% in 1957 over 1956, says Manhattan's First National City Bank in survey of 2,474 key companies that account for about one-third of total business earnings. Biggest gainers: tobacco, shoe, drug, steel, and auto companies. Losers: textile, clothing, tire, paper, oil, building-material firms.

LIABILITY INSURANCE rates for autos will go up again this year, as much as 30% in some states. Reason: higher car-repair costs, medical expenses and court awards in damage cases caused heavier underwriting loss in 1957.

CITRUS PRICES, a big factor in January's 7% jump in living costs, will stay high because growers will need at least two years to make up for weather-ruined crop. Frozen juice prices will rise 15% to 20% in next two months; orange prices will remain about 25% above 1957 level.

AUTO UNION is tempering demands as dealers' car inventories continue to rise. U.A.W. wants to boost its average \$2.46 hourly wage rate by 10%; pace-setting General Motors has offered 6%. Union also will ask for bigger layoff, pension and health benefits, but will probably scrap its demand for profit sharing if G.M. agrees to more pay for shorter week.

SOVIET GOLD DIGGERS may lead world production this year. In 1957 Soviets turned out about 38%

of world gold supply—17 million oz. worth \$595 million—to match the longtime leader, South Africa. Gold hoard gives Soviets potent economic weapon to fight balance-of-trade deficits.

CONRAD HILTON will put up two-story, 300-room airport hotels throughout U.S. He has leased land near San Francisco International Airport, is dickering for lease in Los Angeles, has plans for New York, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, New Orleans, Miami, Seattle.

AIR-COLLISION DANGER is diminishing. CAB reports that near misses of aircraft in flight averaged 1.4 per day in last quarter of 1957 v. 3.6 in first quarter. Reason: at urging of Government and pilots' union, more pilots are flying on instruments in good as well as bad weather.

OIL-MAP THEFT has brought conviction of Oil Promoter Odie R. Seagraves, 70, and Extortionist Emanuel Lester, who tried to sell maps for \$500,000 (TIME, Jan. 7, 1957). Secret geologic maps of oil lands were turned over to them by a former Gulf Oil Corp. employee who stole maps from the company. Judge fined aged Seagraves \$5,000, sentenced his cohort Lester to three years.

FAIR TRADE has been killed by Supreme Court of Kansas, 17th state to outlaw price-fixing by manufacturers.

FOREIGN CARS are selling much faster than last year, when they won 3.5% of U.S. market with record 206,827 registrations v. 98,187 during 1956. In January front-running Volkswagen imported 7,200 cars compared with 5,700 a year ago, and France's second-place Renault shipped in 3,247 v. 1,596.

as well. But since Korea, hardly anyone has been happy with the way the program has been run. While former Treasury Secretary George M. Humphrey decried the loss of tax revenue, which he said totaled \$880 million in fiscal 1956, such industries as steel and airlines denounced ODM for no longer giving them relief for peacetime expansion of facilities vital to war.

In 1958 a selective boost in tax write-offs for some depressed industries might be a healthy spur to business. But the program will now shrink to less than \$300 million annually, down from \$5 billion in peak years. Many of the 329 back applications will be knocked out.

SHOW BUSINESS

10% of Everything

Most Americans have never heard of a huge and mysterious corporation called the Music Corp. of America. The mystery is intentional on the part of M.C.A.; it abhors publicity. Yet it is the nation's

top talent agency in the publicity-loving world of entertainment, and is one of the most potent forces in determining what the U.S. sees on TV and movie screens—the General Motors of the entertainment world. Last week the Justice Department was investigating M.C.A. and its smaller rival, William Morris, which together reportedly control 80% of U.S. TV talent. The question: Are they too powerful?

M.C.A. has built its empire on a simple economic principle: it takes 10% on any contract it makes for its gold-plated clients. It gets 10% from movie stars such as Marilyn Monroe, Gregory Peck, Marlon Brando and Cary Grant; from playwrights such as Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams and William (The Dark at the Top of the Stairs) Inge; and from novelists such as James (From Here to Eternity) Jones, Irving (Last for Life) Stone. It owns or represents such TV shows as *Wagon Train*, *Tales of Wells Fargo*, *Jack Benny*, *Ozzie and Harriet*, *Alfred Hitchcock*, *Dragnet* and *This Is Your Life*. Re-

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vue Productions Inc., one of M.C.A.'s subsidiaries, is Hollywood's biggest producer of TV films, accounts for an estimated 25% of all television films. Another subsidiary, Management Corp. of America, bought Paramount's pre-1948 movie backlog several weeks ago for \$50 million and will distribute the films to television.

M. (for Music) D. In the trade, M.C.A. is known as "the octopus," but it keeps its tentacles well hidden. Its gross income is also a closely guarded secret, but estimates range as high as \$100 million. Secrecy is an M.C.A. policy because the firm believes that publicity is for clients alone. To further their anonymity, M.C.A. agents dress as conservatively as



M.C.A.'s STEIN
The power is in packages.

bankers; the M.C.A. black suit is legend. And no one tries to dodge the public eye more than M.C.A.'s small, greying founder, board chairman and boss, Jules Caesar Stein, 61.

Born in South Bend, Ind., Stein originally set out to be a doctor, got an M.D. at Chicago's Rush Medical College in 1921, studied ophthalmology at the University of Vienna, wrote a learned treatise ("The Use of Telescopic Spectacles and Distil Lenses") after he returned to Cook County Hospital as a resident. He organized a band in which he played the fiddle, made bookings for other bands for a fee, finally teamed up with William R. Goodheart Jr., who later retired, to found M.C.A. as a band-bookings agency in 1924. This sideline proved so profitable that Dr. Stein took it up full time. He signed exclusive rights with hotels and ballrooms, thus forcing bandleaders to come to him. M.C.A. bandleaders who became unruly found themselves with poor bookings. Later he developed other sidelines—sold liquor to nightclub owners as part of the deal for a band, sold his musicians insurance, real estate and cars. He also became



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a successful stock market investor, bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange in 1936, still holds it.

Artful Deals. Stein soon saw the possibilities of radio, bought choice network time on which only M.C.A. performers were permitted. M.C.A. spread to Hollywood in 1937, added movie and radio stars to their roster, often by hiring other agents, with their list of clients, or absorbing their agencies. On movie lots, the M.C.A. agent became so powerful that he decided what stars would play in what movies, and for how much, along with who would write the script and direct it. M.C.A. tax men found new ways for stars to save on taxes, notably by getting a percentage of a movie instead of a big salary, thus spreading income over many years.

Competitors charge that M.C.A. does little to build up stars, gets them by raiding other agencies, even has a vice-president in charge of raiding. But movie-makers such as former M-G-M Head Dore Schary say that M.C.A. deserves its success because it works hardest for its clients, constantly plans deals to boost their salaries and its commissions. In 1943 Schary had a dispute with M-G-M. M-G-M chucked his job as head of "B" pictures. His own agent advised him to go back to M-G-M because he could not get him another job. But M.C.A.'s Lew Wasserman (now president) took over Schary, and in a few hours closed a deal with David O. Selznick which netted Schary \$750,000 in three years. Wasserman builds his deals so skillfully, says Schary, that "your tongue is hanging out when he gets through, and you begin to feel grateful he's putting it together just for you."

Just Helpers. Much of M.C.A.'s power is due to its breadth: its talent covers so many fields that it can offer a complete package for a movie or TV show: star, script, and sometimes even financing. M.C.A. makes much of being simply a service organization, brags of the number of executives it has servicing clients, like a college with a low teacher-student ratio. Its executives are paid on an incentive plan; senior executives get a flat \$700 a week, plus a bonus—often huge—based on M.C.A.'s performance that year. Founder Stein still owns a majority of M.C.A. stock, and the remainder is held by 45 executives and a trust in which all employees participate.

"M.C.A.'s only asset," says one officer, "is its executive talent." Little worried about the antitrust investigation, M.C.A. officials argue that their giant does not control talent, is actually controlled by the stars. Said one top officer blandly: "We're only employees."

SHIPPING

The Nuclear Tanker

Hoping to float a nuclear-powered tanker by 1961, the Atomic Energy Commission and the Maritime Administration last week awarded design-study contracts totaling \$500,000 to General Electric Co. and Manhattan's George G. Sharp marine engineering firm. The plan is to install a

boiling-water reactor in a conventional T-5 tanker, now being built by Ingalls Shipbuilding Corp. at Pascagoula, Miss. The Sharp company also is designing the first U.S. atomic passenger and cargo ship, the N.S. *Savannah*, for launching in 1960. The Government hopes that lessons learned in building the *Savannah* will make the power plant of the atomic tanker lighter and cheaper than that of the merchantman. While the 22,500-ton tanker will not be economically competitive with a conventional ship, experts reckon that a nuclear tanker of 85,000 to 100,000 tons would be commercially feasible.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Iron Curtain Speculations

In a Prague court last week, a Czechoslovak entrepreneur named Roman Novotny drew a stiff sentence of 4½ years in prison and forfeiture of all his property for engaging in one of the most profitable

—and widely practiced—businesses behind the Iron Curtain. With a group of friends Novotny rounded up 66 used cars of various makes in the first six months of 1957 alone, sold them at up to double official prices set by the Communist government. Chided Radio Prague: "The speculators exploited the impatience and lack of discipline of the citizens."

Car-hungry citizens behind the Iron Curtain may well be impatient and undisciplined. More than 50,000 Czech citizens have managed to save the down payment of 20,000 kroner (\$2,800) to get their name on the state waiting list for a new auto, but only 19,000 cars (out of a production of about 40,000) will be available for citizens this year. The rest will be shipped abroad to get precious foreign currency, or turned over to party members. Even at the official price tag of 27,000 kroner, a new car represents almost 100 weeks' wages for the average Czech worker. In the case of the Tatra, which

BUSINESS REGULATION

It's Confused & Stagnant

THE furor attending the resignation of Richard A. Mack from the Federal Communications Commission (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) has obscured an even more serious situation. Entirely apart from skulduggery and influence-peddling, the critical fact is that the federal regulatory agencies, which make decisions vitally affecting both industry and the public, are not doing the job they are supposed to do in the way it should be done. They operate at a snail's pace in a jet age, bog down helplessly in incredibly lengthy and complicated procedures that entail enormous delays and staggering expense to all involved. Items:

¶ The Federal Trade Commission has been battling with the makers of Carter's Little Liver Pills for 15 years without a definite decision on FTC charges of false claims. It has been forced to hold 149 hearings, run up a transcript of 11,000 pages and 1,000 medical exhibits—at a cost of \$1,000,000 to the taxpayers.

¶ The Civil Aeronautics Board has been involved for more than a year in investigating a general passenger fare increase for domestic airlines. Even though the CAB knows that carriers must have an increase and has granted a 6.6% temporary boost, the hearings may go on for another year, at least, before a decision.

¶ The Federal Power Commission has been considering for two years an application by the Midwestern-Tennessee Gas Transmission Co. to build a natural-gas pipeline from Tennessee to the Canadian border, has gone through 789 exhibits and 21,091 pages of testimony, at a cost of \$1,500,000 to the Government and companies without reaching a decision.

¶ The Federal Communications Com-

mission has been listening to the arguments of seven applicants for a Toledo TV channel since 1952, with no end in sight. Says an FCC official: "We'd do just as well to draw a name from a hat."

One big cause of the paralyzing slowness of decisions is the fact that the agencies are two-headed, quasi-judicial bodies, thus are not only involved in fact-finding but must also judge the facts they find. The paradox was pointed up last month at congressional hearings by FCC Chairman John Dierker, who remarked that as an administrator he should be out talking to people, but as a judge he should not. Under the fact-finding process, every citizen has the right to be heard before the agencies—and thousands use it. Lawyers have made an art of dragging out a case (at fees up to \$500 a day) to their clients' advantage. Non-scheduled North American Airlines was able to hang on for two years, at a profit of \$8,000,000 a year, after the CAB ordered it grounded because it was actually providing scheduled service.

Commissioners themselves do not sit in on all cases, depend on examiners to brief them and justify their decisions. Many commission officials have little knowledge of how to conduct a hearing on industry's problems. At a recent CAB hearing, American Airlines President C. R. Smith snapped at a CAB counsel: "I don't know what you're talking about, and neither do you." When the record has accumulated, often to a height of five or six feet, the commissioners do not have time to read all or even most of it. Lawyers often take advantage of the commissioners' presence to draw out the hearings

the Czechs intend to produce again this year after a long interruption, the price will be 200,000 kroner—\$28,000 at the official exchange rate.

Elsewhere behind the Iron Curtain, the situation is even blacker. Secondhand autos of every make, year and origin are quickly snapped up at astronomical prices, e.g., \$6,000 for a tiny secondhand Renault. The price of 90,000 zlotys (\$22,500 at the official rate of exchange) for a new Warszawa represents 250 weeks' work for a Pole. Hungarians, Bulgarians and Rumanians, who manufacture no cars of their own, must set their sights on imported Russian Pobedas, which cost them the equivalent of from 130 weeks' work to 750 weeks' work (in Rumania), depending on the currency. Even at that price, they have very little chance of getting a car. In Russia, where only about 100,000 automobiles are produced each year, there is a waiting list of 200,000 prospective buyers.

even further by making grandstand plays. Says one lawyer: "We have to impress them with the shock treatment. Our thoughtful arguments are not going to get detailed consideration anyway."

Commission decisions often bear little relation to the facts uncovered in months or years of hearings. After three years in preparation and hundreds of thousands of dollars in expense, the CAB examiner in 1956 recommended Delta Air Lines for a New York-Florida run, specifically disqualified Northeast Airlines. CAB commissioners picked Northeast. Reason: Administration policy was to get domestic carriers off subsidy, and Northeast was getting \$1,800,000 a year in subsidy.

The commissions are further slowed by the necessity of taking into account all kinds of legitimate influences: Congress, which controls their purse strings, the White House, which can overrule them (in the case of the CAB), or the courts, where all decisions can be appealed. While a strong commissioner could ignore most of these influences and make his own decisions, it rarely happens in practice. The FCC has declined for seven years to make a decision on pay TV because Congress has frowned on it. FCC let gas companies put increases into effect while waiting for an FCC decision; a court recently upset the practice when the city of Memphis complained (TIME, Dec. 23). Until the Supreme Court rules on the matter—perhaps in a year or so—much expansion in the gas industry has been swamped.

The regulatory agencies are swamped with work, partly because most of them were set up without anticipating later business changes that have greatly increased their scope. The FCC was set up to police radio, telephone and telegraph, but in the last six years has had to pass also on 300 TV permits without a commensurate increase in staff. Despite the tremendous growth in stock issues, the

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Bigger Bug. Germany's Bavarian Motor Works has put on the market a five-passenger mate to its two-passenger Isetta 300. In addition to the door opening from the car's front, the new Isetta 600 has a rear curbside door and back seat, is 21 in. longer (115 in. overall) than the 300 model. Its air-cooled engine has two cylinders to the 300's one, doubling horsepower to 26, though gasoline consumption of up to 38 m.p.g. is about the same. U.S. price: \$1,398, v. \$1,048 for the 300.

Smaller Strobe Light. The first self-contained electronic photo-flash unit was introduced by Minneapolis-Honeywell's Heiland division. Instead of the usual bulky power unit dangling from a photographer's shoulder, the 35-oz. "Futuramic Strobonar" attaches to any camera equipped with speedlight synchronization.

Securities and Exchange Commission staff actually is smaller now than in 1951. Progress has made some agencies obsolete. The Interstate Commerce Commission, established to protect the public from railroad monopoly, has been outmoded by the growth of competing trucks, buses and airlines. Its tight control of railroad routes and rates, which often keep the railroads from cutting to compete, has a strangling effect. Many transportation experts feel that the ICC should be abolished.

Some of the agencies have proved on occasion that they can overcome, or at least cut down, the lengthy and costly red tape that makes a nightmare out of the simplest issue. The FTC was a slow-moving bureaucracy when former Chairman Edward Howrey took over in 1953. He eliminated or bypassed many petty details of bureaucracy, cut the average time for processing an antimonopoly case from 65 months to 22 months today. Under present Chairman John Gwynne, only one in five FTC cases goes through the full and costly process; the others are settled by consent agreements.

Lawyers and airline experts think the CAB—and, for that matter, all agencies—should confine their hearings wholly to development of facts, call on contesting lawyers only when the facts are in doubt. Says one lawyer: "This would cut down the time of airline hearings from three months to three days." Both the Hoover Commission and the American Bar Association want more drastic changes; they recommend transfer of the agencies' judicial functions to the courts. This would free the agencies to investigate and make decisions, leave the courts to enforce their decisions with injunctions or penalties.

While there are differing points of view about what should be done, the critical, basic need is clear: the federal regulatory agencies badly need a streamlining.

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Better Ballpoint. Paper Mate brought out a ballpoint pen which writes easily on grease-smeared paper or slick surfaces that usually balk ballpoints. The pen has a new ink containing a detergent that cleanses the writing surface. Price: \$2.49.

Flat Tube. Britain's government-sponsored National Research Development Corp. has patented a video system that cuts the depth of a TV tube to only 5 in. The secret is a new method of guiding an electron beam to the screen more accurately than before. Theoretically, such tubes will eliminate many costly controls, cut prices of future color receivers, make a TV set flat enough (about 7 in.) to hang on a wall.

Hurricane & High Water. A four-room, prefabricated beach house designed to withstand hurricane and high water was shown by Pre-Bilt Construction Co. of North Dartmouth, Mass. It stands on V-shaped steel stilts, 8 ft. tall, which are bolted to a 41-yd. concrete block that acts as anchor. Price: \$12,500 with finished interior, \$7,000 without.

Sputnik Choo-Choo. A space-age toy electric train with an airborne satellite was introduced by Kusan-Auburn Inc. As the train starts a white ball of styrofoam rises on a steady stream of air from a car with a twin-turbine compressor, floats along one foot above the train until it stops. Other gimmicks: a revolving radar screen, searchlight, laboratory car, four extra satellites. Cost: \$49.50.

ADVERTISING

The Cat's Meow

From the pages of newspapers in New York, Los Angeles and Newark last week peered a most unusual cat. Topped by a high-style Emme hat, clenching a long cigarette holder suavely in its mouth, it purred a typically catty message: "I found out about Joan. That palace of theirs has wall-to-wall mortgages. And

that car? Darling, that's horsepower, not earning power. They won it in a 50¢ raffle." The most important fact about Joan was how she managed to dress well "on his income." She shopped for her clothes at Manhattan's Ohrbach's, a low-budget department store with branches in Los Angeles and Newark, which has been trying to build up a high-fashion reputation with striking prestige ads (TIME, Sept. 6, 1954).

Produced by the Manhattan ad agency of Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc. and written by a 35-year-old bachelor girl named Judith Protas, the ad immediately drew hundreds of requests for copies. The greatest compliment came from Madison Avenue, where admen paid their respects by posting the Ohrbach's ad on their own bulletin boards. Said Walter Palmer, retired vice president of Manhattan's Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn: "A masterpiece."



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MILESTONES

Marriage Revealed. Franchot Tone, 53, Cornell-educated (Phi Beta Kappa, '27) actor; and Dolores Dorn-Helf, twenty-odd, onetime off-Broadway leading lady; he for the fourth time (No. 1: Joan Crawford, 1935-39), she for the first; in Hull, Quebec; on May 14, 1956.

Died. George Wadsworth, 64, career Foreign Service officer, until recently Ambassador to Saudi Arabia, specialist in Middle Eastern diplomacy who last year told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that Arab-Israeli peace was "not in the cards today"; after an operation for cancer; in Bethesda, Md.

Died. Wilhelm Zaisser, 65, German Communist organizer who, as "General Gomez," was supreme commander of all the International Brigades in the Spanish civil war; of unspecified illness, after "severe suffering"; in East Berlin. Zaisser, who went to Moscow when it was clear that France would win in Spain, went back to his own country after World War II, organized and became the boss of the East German People's Police, was fired after the explosive anti-Communist rebellion of 1953.

Died. John Held Jr., 69, cartoonist and author, whose famed, flat-hipped flapper became so much a symbol of the 1920s that she evolved from a caricature of the era into a model for its styles and behavior; of heart disease; in Belmar, N.J. Once paid a reported \$2,500 weekly for the cartoon strip *O. Margy*. Held liked to refer to his income as "Flapper Jack." worked seven days a week trying to keep up with editors' demands (from *Judge*, *College Humor*, the old *Life*). His trail, fast-living heroine, whose stockings were rolled above the knee and below the hem, carried pocket flask and outsize cigarette holder, appropriately illustrated the pages of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tales of the Jazz Age*.

Died. Walter W. Stewart, 72, who retired in 1955 from President Eisenhower's three-man Council of Economic Advisers, also advised Presidents Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. Sometime president of Case, Pomerooy & Co., a private investment firm. Stewart was honored in 1928 with an appointment as U.S. adviser to the Bank of England, also served as a member of the reparations commission on Germany and board chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Died. Infanta Maria Eulalia Francisca de Bourbon, 94, aunt of the late King Alfonso XIII of Spain, daughter of Queen Isabella II; in Irun, Spain. The Infanta specialized in introductions-to-royalty for American millionaires, black-sheepishly collected such "fees" as motorcars and yachts.

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PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

Baby, It's Warm Inside

G.I. BABY BOOZE, read the screeline in *Variety*. "The teen market... is due to rise by leaps and bounds starting with 1958... and motion pictures have the potential for a great attendance revival." It was the kind of talk that harried Hollywood likes to hear, and so far 1958 has lived up to expectations.

Business was great in January. In February, despite bad weather, it was almost great. As one exhibitor explained: "The kids got to neck somewhere, and it's too cold in a parked car."

According to *Variety*, these were the top grossers last month:

- 1) *A Farewell to Arms* (Selznick; 20th Century-Fox)
- 2) *Around the World in 80 Days* (Todd; United Artists)
- 3) *Peyton Place* (20th Century-Fox)
- 4) *Old Yeller* (Walt Disney)
- 5) *Raintree County* (M-G-M)

The New Pictures

Teacher's Pet (Parlberg-Seaton; Paramount). Clark Gable is the city editor of a big metropolitan daily, a self-made man whose every word proclaims what can be done with good material by hard workmanship. Doris Day is an instructor of journalism. When she invites Gable to address her class, he replies with a sneer: "In the school I graduated from, there were no lectures without four-letter words in them... I think you're wasting your time, and I prefer not to waste mine."

Nevertheless, on his publisher's orders, Editor Gable shows up at school, where he learns a thing or two he doesn't like: that culture, broadly understood, is the only thing that makes human beings any better than animals, and that when a man hates cultured people it is usually because he secretly feels they are better than he is. Clever fellow that he is, Gable also learns that Day is a girl, and he soon persuades her he needs special instruction. "I'm afraid we'll have to work together at night," she says. He nods, appreciatively inspecting the educational facilities, as she innocently inquires: "What sort of things would you like to tackle?" Needless to say, education is wedded to experience in the end, but by that time the point is labored, and the fun is tired.

Desire Under the Elms (Don Hartman; Paramount). The stage is to the drama Eugene O'Neill as a glass is to whisky. Take it away, and the stuff is not there. In the theater, where it ran 208 performances in 1924-25, *Desire Under the Elms* was properly furnished with a dark and womblike set, and the spectator could feel himself shut up in the incestuous nightmare at the core of the puritan mentality. But in this picture the atmosphere is dissipated in the irrelevant vastness of the VistaVision screen, and almost all the emotional pressure is lost.

The play, to which Irwin Shaw's script is reasonably loyal, is flagrantly Freudian, and it is to Hollywood's credit that the extremities of the *Elms* have not been pruned. O'Neill set out to write a Yankee *Oedipus Rex*, but what came out might more appropriately have been titled *Sex Rex*. The antagonists of the drama are a father (Burl Ives) and a son (Anthony Perkins), and the subject of their struggle, as in the myths of heroic succession on which the drama is modeled, is the land (a New England farm) and the woman (Sophia Loren). The son aspires to his inheritance, but the father, a massive brute of 76 who vows he will live to be 100, is too strong for him. Then the father marries a young wife—the necessary act of hubris that sets the tragedy in train.

The woman soon enters a rival claim to



SOPHIA LOREN & BURL IVES

From gamy meat, little veal birds.

the succession, and she advances her pretensions in a woman's devious way. She makes the old man promise that if she gives him a son, he will make that son his heir. Whereupon, since the old man has lost his sexual strength, she proceeds to seduce the young one. Suspecting nothing, the son connives so enthusiastically at his own disinheritance that he wins her heart as he gives her a child. The child is born and everybody is happy, but when the father disinherits the elder son in favor of the younger, the lover begins to doubt the motives of his mistress. Desperate, she proves her love by smothering the baby. Horrified, he tells the sheriff. But in the end he understands that he shares her guilt, and he goes to share her punishment.

Gamy meat, and O'Neill served it raw. But after a trip through the production grinder, his scenes come out on film looking rather like a row of pretty little veal



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birds. The stark images of the play are softened on the screen to glossy blowups. The bare New England farmhouse looks like the dream cottage in a rural real-estate prospectus. The actors play in a welter of unrelated styles. But the most important trouble with the picture is that it was ever produced. O'Neill's characters are not people; they are symbols. And the camera has a cynical eye that cannot seem to help reducing whatever tries to be larger than life to very small potatoes.

The Monte Carlo Story (Titanus: United Artists) is pretty funny up to a point. Unfortunately, the point arrives about 20 minutes after the picture begins, and the show goes on for another 79 minutes.

The fun starts when a couple of aging land sharks move into the well-known European water hole and try to put the bite on each other. He (Vittorio De Sica) is a rentless wreck of an Italian nobleman named Conte Dino della Fiaba (Count Fib). She (Marlene Dietrich) is an enchantress who has come full Circe and now finds herself with nothing to her name but a title. Marquise Maria de Crevecoeur (Lady Heartbreak). She thinks he's rich, he thinks she's rich, and it all makes a pleasant little comedy of errors until suddenly the script makes an error that is not funny in the least. It introduces an American millionaire (Arthur O'Connell) who does almost nothing for the next hour but spin the wheel of a 155-ft. yacht that used to belong to Kaiser Wilhelm II. Goggle at Marlene, and say "Gee!"

The idea, of course, was to give the glamorous Dietrich back to the millions who once adored her on the screen—and who still jam-pack the nightclubs she plays in. But Director Samuel Taylor has tactlessly insisted that the lady (who now admits to being fiftyish) concentrate on sex, and has largely overlooked the possibilities of her sophisticated comedy talents. The moviegoer, as a result, is sometimes painfully aware that the siren is a bit rusty; yet he is seldom allowed to realize that the belle, even with diminished resonance, still sings.

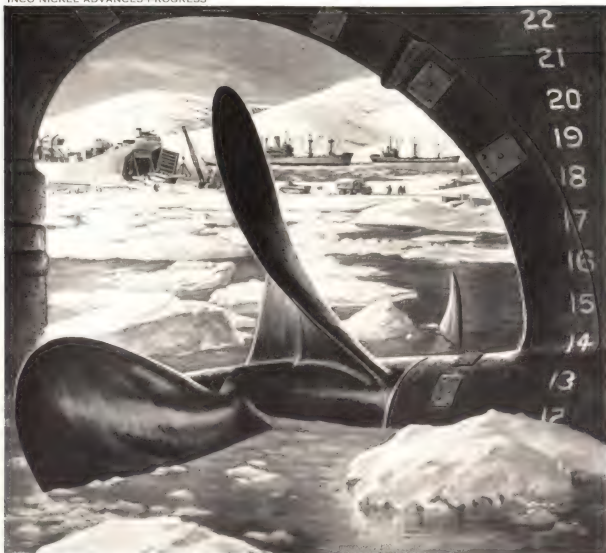
CURRENT & CHOICE

The Enemy Below. A thriller of a duel between a DE and a U-boat, well played by Robert Mitchum and Curt Jürgens, sharply directed by Dick Powell (TIME, Jan. 13).

The Bridge on the River Kwai. Director David Lean's magnificently ironic adventure story, developed into a tragic exploration of the unmeaning of life, with Alec Guinness, William Holden (TIME, Dec. 23).

Paths of Glory. A passion out of fashion, antimilitarism, vented by a gifted new director, 29-year-old Stanley Kubrick (TIME, Dec. 9).

Don't Go Near the Water. A daffy piece of South Pacificism, based on William Brinkley's novel about some officers and men engaged in the Navy's public relations and their own private affairs (TIME, Nov. 25).



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BOOKS

Made in Heaven?

TWO BY TWO (246 pp.)—Martha Gellhorn—Simon & Schuster (\$3.50).

Marriage, an ancient vaudeville joke has it, "is like a beleaguered fortress; those on the inside are trying to get out, and those on the outside are trying to get in." In her new book, Novelist Martha (*The Trouble I've Seen*) Gellhorn takes



NOVELIST GELHORN
Inflexible amid the agonies.

the reader on a skillfully guided tour of the fortress; it is her special merit that she observes the outside as well as the inside (including some rarely seen rooms) with equal sensibility. *Two by Two* contains four studies of the married state, each taking its title from a vow in the marriage service.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE is about Prince Andrea Ferentino and his American wife Kitty. Long years in the Ferentino castle, doing nothing but wait for his old man to move on to a better world and give him Andrea a chance in this one, have sapied the prince's fibers: he pines feebly for "real" life. When the U.S. Army liberates the Ferentino village during World War II, Andrea's dream all but comes true; he flies away on a magic jeep as an Italian interpreter, worships the most ordinary G.I.s, shapes wonderful plans for starting a new life in Montana. With war's end Andrea's dream fades away, leaving him and Kitty to fall back into their old doldrums. This affecting little story is full of understanding of the Italian way of life and scores a bull's-eye in the portrait of Kitty, so long expatriated from the U.S. that she is more Italian than her Italian husband, and can conceive of Montana only as a "pink rectangle on the map, larger than all Italy."

FOR RICHER FOR POORER is 100% British and tells of the cold, calculating efforts of Rose Answell to push her unambitious husband Ian up and up in the Tory government. From a minor secretaryship in Agriculture ("He loved the Pig Scheme and he never had to make a speech") gentle Ian is thrust up the Rose-ripped ladder to the very verge of Minister of State for Colonial Affairs—where, abruptly, he rebels, resigns, retires to pig-farming and smashes his marriage. Author Gellhorn is working here in rather tired soil.

IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH puts a grim new angle on the old triangle. Annette is a fragile doll of a woman who has had a critical heart disease for more than 13 years; in Meredith's phrase, she is "a dying something never dead." In death's slow embrace she remains beautiful and virginal, tended in the peaceful New England countryside by a dedicated aunt and a Negro cook. This sunnily funereal household is subsidized out of the thin pocket-book of Annette's husband James, who shares one room in New York with his mistress and dreams of the day when death will free him to marry her. When the mistress becomes pregnant, James resolves to divorce Annette, but face to face with the supine, trusting invalid, he holds his tongue. The memorable story evokes a morbid doll's house in which death is pink with black edges, like some outrageous hybrid flower. Also outstanding: the thumbnail sketch of the prim, man-hating aunt who all but says out loud that a marriage in which sex is prohibited by doctor's orders is a nonconsummation devoutly to be wished.

TILL DEATH US DO PART is just the opposite of its title. Tim Bara is the prototype of a romantic fixture—the international photographer who covers wars and worlds with his Leica and lives mostly in planes, hotel rooms and jungle huts. Hungarian-born Photographer Bara invented his own name—as did the late, real-LIFE Photographer Robert Capa, also of Hungarian origin. Once, Bara was married to Suzy, who could shoot as straight with a camera as he. Since her death in the Spanish war, Bara, despite bedfords of women, stayed faithful in his fashion until a sniper's bullet made him "something not to look at, and beyond all aid."

Graham Greene has praised Martha Gellhorn, onetime reporter, for "hard and clear" writing devoid of "the female virtues of unbalanced pity or factitious violence." But the firmness of touch shown by twice-married Author Gellhorn® is not always flexible enough to cope with the agonies and intimacies of marriage. What supports these stories, apart from craftsmanship, is the vigor of the existentialist faith that Author Gellhorn expresses in her concluding lines: "What are you doing at that Wailing Wall? The only thing to do, as long as you are alive, is live."

® To Novelist Ernest Hemingway: T. S. Matheson, onetime editor of *TIME*.

High Noon on Wall Street

THE MAN WHO BROKE THINGS (312 pp.)—John Brooks—Harper (\$3.95).

In the world of corporate business, the closest thing to a western movie is a proxy fight. The good guys and bad guys unlimber their six-shooters in ads in the newspapers' financial sections. The sheriff (Securities and Exchange Commission) tries to preserve law and order and to protect the widows' and orphans' stock. Each side ropes and brands countless stray cattle (small stockholders) before the big roundup (the proxy count). At "High Noon" (the annual stockholders' meeting), somebody has to bite the dust.

Essentially, this is the story John (*A Pride of Lions*) Brooks tells in *The Man Who Broke Things*. His fictional proxy fight leans heavily on recent headline-splashing struggles, notably the Louis Wolfson-Sewell Avery duel for Montgomery Ward. Author Brooks, 37, handles the mechanics of such a contest with authority and relish. He also poses a more serious psychological question: What makes a big company raider tick?

To find the answer, ex-Newspaperman Bob Billings plays the role of public-relations aide and apprentice Faust to a Mephistopheles named Hank Haislip. When Haislip makes a power lunge for



NOVELIST BROOKS
Psychosocial amid the proxies.

Great Eastern, a merchandising giant, young Billings tags along for the raid even though his father, a banker of ramrod-stiff probity, is a director of the company. Besides, Pressagent Billings is making a head of his own on Haislip's pretty daughter.

In flashbacks, each man defines the life that helped make him what he is—Billings' background affluent, Eastern, Harvard; Haislip's poor, Midwestern, school of hard knocks. But it is Haislip's mistress who finally tells Billings even more than he

wants to know: "You're a saver. Cautious and careful . . . Not Hank. He wants things different. He's a breaker, and you know why? He wants to break things and set them up again so he can be a careful little saver instead of you." Whether the breakers or the savers will carry the day is a suspenseful question Author Brooks does not answer until Great Eastern's final, slam-bang stockholders' meeting.

New Yorker Staffer Brooks writes a clear reportorial style, so coolly equable that at times it scarcely reaches the room temperature needed to sustain living characters. He reserves his warmest affection for the lore of "The Street" itself, from Trinity's spire to the pockmarks preserved in the side of the Morgan bank from the 1920 bombing. The Street may be mildly amused to hear that it is a psychosocial arena of U. v. non-U., and that to the combatants, gaining acceptance is more important than capital gains. As far as Wall Street knows, the real hassle going on is that old-fangled one between the bulls and the bears over money.

Six from Camus

EXILE AND THE KINGDOM (213 pp.)
—Albert Camus—Knopf (\$3.50).

Nobel Prizewinner Albert Camus is a writer without small talk. His themes—life, love, death, man, God, time—are large and universal. He returns to them in this collection of six short stories, but the net effect—after his brilliant novel *The Fall*—is oddly anticlimactic. The trouble seems to lie in the triumph of symbol over substance. He offers a series of intellectual puzzles in which the clues are elusive, though the humanistic passion that runs through them is strong and clear, reflecting Camus' vision of art as a moral inquiry into man's fate.

The lead-off story, *The Adulterous Woman*, might have been titled *Death of a Salesman's Wife*. Janine is a plumpish, childless French housewife in North Africa; for 25 years her marriage has been nourished on the bread-crumbs of the need to be needed. Accompanying her salesman husband on a tour of his selling territory, Janine is struck by the stoic dignity of the Arabs, and by the cruel yet sensuous landscape. One night she steals out to the desert's edge to be laved by "the water of night . . . in wave after wave, rising up even to her mouth full of moans." In this moment of platonically adulterous ecstasy, Janine discovers not the devil in the flesh but the genie of natural instinct, long stoppered by grubbing convention. But it is too late for her to do more than weep over love's labor lost.

The Renegade features a fanatical Christian missionary who goes out to convert a barbarous tribe dwelling in a dead-provoking "city of salt." The natives promptly cut out his tongue and convert him into a devoted slave of their fetish-god. A turnabout ending suggests that man can drink deeply of neither good nor evil without finding its opposite mocking him from the bottom of the glass.

The book's best story, *The Artist at*



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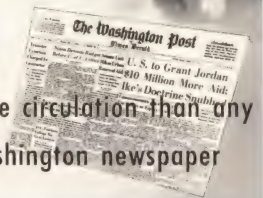
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Work, is a corrosively witty account of the rise and fall of a minor talent. Gilbert Jonas is a modest Parisian painter who trusts his "star." A dealer discovers him and he is beset by fame. New friends while away his afternoons "begging Jonas to go on working . . . for they weren't Philistines and knew the value of an artist's time." Disciples appear, but not to learn anything ("one became a disciple for the disinterested pleasure of teaching one's master").

At the height of his fame, poor Jonas poses for a portrait of the artist at work, but he himself no longer has the time or spirit to paint. Cognac consoles him with the illusion of creativity, and girls with the illusion of vitality. After that, Jonas' decline is swift, sure and touching. Dying, he scribbles one word on a blank canvas, but no one can be sure "whether it should be read *solitary* or *solidary*" (i.e., at one with society). Moral: wooing the Muse is not half so important, or difficult, as staying married to her.

Master's Chronicle

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES (VOL. VI): THE GREAT DEMOCRACIES (403 pp.).—Winston S. Churchill—Dodd, Mead [\$6].

The past, it has been said, is the only thing man can change. Winston Churchill, the incredible ex-Hussar officer, has taken full reign over the terrible past. As he tells it, history becomes a matter not of blind forces but of men and the principles that animated them; schoolbook events take on the Shakespearean splendor of character and fate.

No one, certainly not a professional historian, would dare to box the compass of Churchill's subject matter. His great grasp of the essential fact made him, in power, a master of decision and, in the hindsight of history, a master of the précis. Never has so much been contained in so few words. He begins the last volume of his *History of the English-Speaking Peoples* in 1815, leaving Waterloo (reluctantly, it would seem) behind him to take on the task of shaping the whole course of the British Empire and the American Republic in the last century into one sonorous and coherent story. He succeeds magnificently. More cautious historians—the economic-theory men, the specialists in constitutional law, the nationalists—will cavil at Churchill's large-minded judgments. Yet this same generosity of spirit enables him to write of the American Civil War as the noblest war—one fought on sheer principle. Even Civil War buffs who know the last cock plume in the "shapos" at Bull Run will be moved by Churchill's brief epilogue to Gettysburg: "When that morning came, Lee, after a cruel night march, was safe on the other side of the river. He carried with him his wounded and his prisoners. He had lost only five guns, and the war."

As historian, as well as statesman, Churchill refuses to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire; he leaves his story just before the beginning of the



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end, with the death of Queen Victoria and the Boer War. It is astonishing to recall that Historian Churchill himself was once a prisoner of that war, almost 60 years ago. It helps to explain the confidence with which Churchill cuffs the past about into its proper Churchillian posture.

When schools are better, his books will be required texts.

Tom Red's Schooldays

CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION (447 pp.)—Wolfgang Leonhard—Regnery (\$6.50).

It is not often that the author of an autobiography consents to an introduction in which he is compared to a subhuman being. Such is the case of Wolfgang Leonhard, an ex-Stalinist official of East Germany, whose dismal career has apparently foundered on the dismal hope that "national Communism" would be better than the all-too-togetherness of a universal Moscow state. Soviet Expert Edward Crankshaw met Leonhard in Yugoslavia, where, says Crankshaw in his foreword, "he was rather like one of those legendary young men who . . . emerge from the jungle emitting strange sounds, having spent their childhood or adolescence in the exclusive company of wolves—or bears."

The strange sounds from the Communist jungle make a gruesome and highly revealing composition. The book gives, perhaps for the first time, a complete account of a Communist education from grade school to commissar level.

Life with Mother. Leonhard is the sort of stylist who would rewrite *Alice in Wonderland* as *The Bourgeois Illusions and Degenerate Fantasies of a British Middle-Class Female Child*. He was 13 when his mother, a German Communist and a refugee from Hitler in Sweden, took him to the Soviet Union. There were thousands like them in Moscow. It was 1935, the eve of the Great Purge. Little Wolfgang was lodged, with other foreign youngsters, in Children's Home No. 6, then briefly among Russians in a grim Datchebay Hall called the Spartak Children's Home. At school, the teacher vanished after having made a slip of the tongue and garbled a current slogan of Stalin's to read thus: "We will make them think twice before they stick their Soviet snouts into our hogs' paradise."

One day Leonhard got a postcard from Mother; she had been sentenced to five years in a concentration camp for K.R.T.D., i.e., "counter-revolutionary Trotskyite activity." This did not shake the boy's faith in the system, or that of his schoolmates, many of whom had been similarly orphaned. Wolfgang worried about Mother sometimes, but not enough to prevent his getting excellent marks. After a spell in a top Soviet prep school, he went on to two other educational experiences—a brief exile in Kazakhstan (for no reason except that all Germans had to go) and an unhappy love affair (his girl was recruited into the NKVD).

The Old School Lie. Leonhard finally came of age in what was surely the world's weirdest school. Even its name



EX-STALINIST LEONHARD
An education in dehumanities.

was a lie. The No. 101 Technical School for Agricultural Economy at Kushnarenkovo in the Ural region was not what it seemed to be—the boys would never cheer for Good Old Ag. Tech. It was a front name for a Comintern school, training foreign Communists to take over in their old homelands when the Russians won the war. The first odd thing about Tom Red's schooldays was that the hero had to change his name (he chose Linden). It was one step in the dehumanization process to which the curriculum was bent. His old pals from Moscow greeted him as a stranger. It was a rule: no one was to know anything about anybody.

Every traditional schoolboy value—loyalty to comrades, gaiety and spontaneity—was smothered in great quilts of priggish guilt. Wolfgang found that the bully was esteemed by the teachers. When one pupil from Hamburg Sunday-punched a little fellow half his size, the smaller student was denounced for having behaved in a "provocative" manner. Wolfgang was reported for having remarked that some Spanish girl students were very pretty, this kind of frivolity would not do. The result was an episode recorded like "My First Communion" in a pious work—"My First Self-Criticism." He duly denounced himself, but he could never quite feel the same again about little Emmi who had turned him in.

From these case-history-hardened boys and girls the Russians drew the personnel that took over in East Germany. Walter Ulbricht, a grim, humorless and inhuman man even by Communist standards, was their leader, and Leonhard became one of his lieutenants. But in 1949 he fled to Yugoslavia, sided with Tito against Moscow, but remained a Marxist. The book is fascinating as a sort of Communist *Candide*—but it is far less amusing. It was written, after all not by Voltaire but by poor, simple Candide himself.



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MISCELLANY

Two Tired. In Three Rivers, Mich., Thomas Kline, 11, smashed into a moving automobile with his bicycle, later confessed to police: "I fell asleep at the handlebars."

Red Square. In Moscow, Soviet newspaper *Pravda* reported that a traffic cop named Pavlov stopped a funeral procession for a minor violation, forced the entire cortege to turn around and follow him to the nearest police station.

Pole Apart. In Grand Junction, Colo., a shiny new police car drove into a municipal parking lot on a routine assignment, slowly cruised around as the driver checked the left side and his companion checked the right, smacked head-on into a telephone pole.

Absence Minded. In Miranda de Ebro, Spain, the school principal ordered the school doors closed at 9 a.m. as a disciplinary lesson to late students, gave up the project when 50% of the teachers were locked out.

Hard Cell. In Baltimore, Timothy J. McCarthy, soliciting advertising at a sporting-goods store for the *Catholic Review*, displayed a copy of the paper that contained a warning to advertisers against an impostor salesman named Timothy J. McCarthy, confessed when sentenced to two years that in his own case the paper did not bring results—he had never bothered to read it.

Self-Service. In Preston, England, a thief smashed the window of Arthur Boyle's clothing store, took a size 42 raincoat, left all other merchandise untouched, disappeared long before police learned that a shopper had said he wanted a size 42 raincoat, and would the store please put it in the window so he could come by and look it over.

Arsenic & Old Cake. In Christchurch, New Zealand, Policewoman Audrey Amos posted a notice in the Central Police Station cafeteria advising the person who had taken a slice of peanut caramel cake from her office to return it because the cake was part of the evidence in a food-poisoning case.

The Specialist. In Senago, Italy, Alfonso Maria Donadio, 37, who had collected fees estimated at \$160,000 by posing as a physician specializing in Asian flu, was finally tracked down by police, who found him in bed with Asian flu.

A Man Called Henry. In Mold, Wales, the Rev. Henry Rees flunked the driving-license test for the fifth time, and, according to later court testimony, vengefully struck the examiner with a car-door handle, tried to butt him in the face, kicked at his legs, cried: "I'll bloody well shoot you," paid a £5 (\$14) fine.



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